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THE LIFE

OF

JOHN KASPAR LAVATER,

Minister of St. Peter's Church,

ZURICH.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

Instituted 1799.

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LIFE

OF

JOHN KASPAR LAVATER.

CHAPTER I.

LAVATER'S BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

JOHN KASPAR LAVATER was born December 15th, 1741. He is said to have been a beautiful, but delicate child. His father, Dr. Henry Lavater, was a physician at Zurich, a man of integrity and good sense, assiduous and successful in his profession, and exemplary as a husband, a father, and a citizen. His mother, whose maiden name was Regula Escher, was a woman of superior understanding and lively imagination; eager in quest of novelties on all subjects, little or great, and of untiring industry and activity. As to her moral qualities, she had almost a morbid conscientiousness, and an intense abhorrence of falsehood and flattery.

Though fond of books and of the conversation of well-educated, intelligent persons, she did not aspire to the character of a literary woman. If she indulged in vanity, it was on the score of her skill as a domestic manager, in which capacity she really excelled. Besides attending to the affairs that fell more immediately within her province, she spent many hours every day in making up medicines for her husband's patients. If she was defective in the strictest economy, it was owing to the warmth of her benevolence, and the consequent abundance of her charities. Such a mother her son ever regarded as one of the greatest blessings of his life. Kaspar considered his own case as a striking confirmation of the opinion, that peculiar mental tendencies are inherited from the mother rather than from the father. Whenever he met with a man of distinguished talent, he used to say, that his mother must, no doubt, have been a superior woman.

As a child, Lavater was remarkable for a singular mixture of vivacity and timidity, impetuosity and gentleness. He describes himself as being volatile, indolent, and extremely susceptible. Yet he never uttered those lively remarks, which, in the case of forward children, are often quoted by their fond relatives as

omens of future eminence. His curiosity was ready to dart forth on a multitude of objects, but held in check by timidity; his warm affections yearned to attach themselves to various persons, but shyness and reserve kept him self-inclosed and solitary.

In the first school to which he was sent, he was favoured with the advantage of being placed under a tutor who had the discernment to appreciate his valuable qualities, and the benevolent good sense to deal gently with his defects. His parents were pleased to hear the master say, that "there was certainly something in their little Kaspar."

"When I look back on my early years," says Lavater, "I am astonished to think how much I suffered, observed, and felt, without being able to divulge my emotions or thoughts to a single human being. Whenever I tried to unbosom myself, it was done so awkwardly as to excite ridicule, which at once closed my lips. I felt under perpetual restraint, except when I mingled with a crowd of boys in the street, whose sports required neither dexterity nor courage. I durst attempt nothing, assert nothing, go through with nothing—in short, I seemed made up of bashfulness, awkwardness, and timidity; *and yet* had a kind of simple open-hearted-

ness, for which my mother scolded me, and other people laughed at me, a hundred times."

Such were the first six years of Lavater's life. In his seventh year, he entered the Latin school. On account of his delicate constitution, his parents would not allow him to learn the military exercise, to play with fireworks, to walk on stilts, or even to practise swimming and angling; driving a hoop was almost his only active pastime. He generally dined with his grandmother every week, and then amused himself with making little images of soft sealing-wax.

His lively excitable temperament rendered him almost incapable of fixing his attention long on any one object. Scarcely had he made a thing, when he would begin pulling it to pieces. This tendency to be always attempting something new, and leaving it unfinished, he strove against in after life very earnestly. It will be encouraging to those young persons who are conscious of a similar defect, to know that his efforts, though painful, and often needing to be repeated, were, to a great degree, successful. He even made it a rule when he had once begun a book never to give it up till he had finished it, however uninteresting or unpleasant *it might be.*

At the end of a twelvemonth he was promoted from the first, or junior, to the second Latin class. But the pleasure this gave him was somewhat damped by dread of his new teacher, who was noted for severity. He found him, however, much more mild and gentle than he had apprehended. "I was by no means," he says, "one of his best scholars. He was exact, and I was always volatile. Many a sad hour my negligence cost me, besides my restlessness at church. I found myself placed between two fires, my preceptor and my parents; yet I was often cunning enough to escape both, though my mother uniformly showed her deep, irreconcilable hatred of all falsehood, and I had never heard an untruth from her lips. From my earliest years, I had such a fear of God that I never did wrong without hesitation and a degree of compunction; still I must confess that my mother's very great strictness often drove me to take refuge in falsehood. As to slander, false accusation, or an untruth that would injure another, I could not endure the thought of such a thing; but I often had recourse to what, at the time, seemed a necessary falsehood; I would even pray that it might never be detected, for I should have been *inconsolable* had my mother once caught

me in a lie." What an illustration is thus given of the Scriptural declaration, that "foolishness is bound in the heart of a child!"

In his seventh year, Lavater began to be deeply affected by religious emotions and sentiments. His own simple account is as follows: "A gentle glow was kindled in my heart—an aspiration after something higher, I knew not what. Repulsed on all sides, I was driven into myself. I felt constantly impelled to say certain things—to communicate my emotions and mental states, but I found neither words to express them, nor persons who would listen to them. Whether at home or at school, my spirit was pressed down. While mingling with my playmates I could for the time be as merry as the rest; but in moments of solitude I was filled with disgust at their empty amusements. I longed intensely for a higher object; for a friend to whom I could pour out my heart. What refuge remained for me but God? What could I do but strive after an invisible higher love, which might give me satisfaction? I recollect very distinctly, that while I was in the second class, I began to find enjoyment within myself; I was disposed to withdraw from others, and to pray with greater frequency and *earnestness.* These resolutions were seldom of

much strength, or long duration; though my heart was always driven back again to God. I often looked on my school-fellows with mingled emotions of self-complacency and tender sympathy for their condition, when I saw them careless of God and religion. Oh, if you knew (I would say to myself) what I know!—if you had what I have! Alas! these poor souls think not of God; they have no sense of their need of him! The need of God was one of the first and deepest ideas and feelings of my young days. God was to me a Being that I could not do without.

"It is true that outwardly I continued to be, with some slight modification, what I had always been, volatile and gay. I could give but a poor account of the sermons I heard, when my mother questioned me about them, because I seldom paid much attention, and when I did, they were beyond my comprehension. During the sermon, therefore, I employed myself in reading the Scriptures out of a little pocket Bible. I felt an insatiable curiosity in reading the Old Testament, especially the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, and in particular the histories of Elijah and Elisha. After being thus engaged, I often thought, when I saw other children without God and without reli-

gion, Oh, if you did but know what I feel! My religion, or (what shall I call it?) that which seemed to elevate, expand, and strengthen my inner man, and gave me a presentiment of the other world, though it might be called a secret, was one I would have gladly imparted. But there was not a friend at hand whom I could trust with it. It was as if I possessed the philosopher's stone."

Lavater mentions several occasions when events had been in accordance with his prayers, and thus contributed to increase his faith in God. It is remarkable, that the New Testament seems, at this period of his life, to have been almost entirely neglected by him. "Christ," he says, "was to me as a non-existent being; neither an object of love nor aversion. All my heart required was a prayer-hearing God." In after life, it will be seen that devoted attachment to the Saviour was a most conspicuous feature in his religious character.

He gives a singular account of the activity of his boyish imagination, and the peculiar turn it took. "In my thoughts I was always planning and building Babels; nor am I even to this day quite cured of the propensity. It is an indestructible part of my character, whether *to its credit* or otherwise, to be imagining ob-

jects of enormous magnitude, though with no reference to my personal reputation. In my earliest days every building was too small, every tower too low, every creature was on too contracted a scale. When I saw, or even heard of a lofty tower, it quickened my pulse. Notwithstanding my timidity, nothing delighted me more than to ascend towers, or to look down from an eminence."

In his eighth year, Lavater entered the third class: there he suffered more than ever from the rudeness of his associates, who ridiculed his bashfulness and simplicity. By way of self-defence, he indulged in levity and drollery, which, though scarcely visible in after life, he owned was quite a constitutional tendency, which it had cost him much trouble to subdue.

About this time he visited Baden, a place celebrated for its baths and scenery. He had promised himself the greatest pleasure from this excursion, but his anticipations were disappointed. Yet it was some compensation that here he first felt a pensive delight in the contemplation of nature in her beautiful solitudes; the shady and retired walks in the neighbourhood were to him a kind of sanctuary.

As Lavater grew up, his social feelings acquired strength, and his reserve wore off in

some degree; but there was still an under current of deeper sentiment, which separated him from his juvenile companions. "In the midst of all my volatility and drollery," he says, "I was never without a retiring and serious feeling, or, if you please, melancholy. I often withdrew into solitude, where I shed bitter tears, and was so depressed that I could not look on heaven or earth—either on God or man. There was always something in my bosom that arrested and fascinated me, and impelled me towards what was sublime and noble. Beneath that vivacity which struck superficial observers, there lived and palpitated a longing after things I saw not—a striving after powers and operations which I had never witnessed. I felt within me something that, in spite of a thousand depressing influences, whispered to me—'Ridiculed though you may be, you have a something which those who laugh at you have not; you know and feel things of which they have no conception.' And this sentiment was neither pride nor vanity. It was not distinction that I hankered after. I revelled in the world of my own fancies and emotions. My sufferings arose in great part from being misunderstood, repulsed, and ridiculed, when I

wished to tell others seriously of my inward experiences."

Though Lavater was so timid and retiring in general, yet, whenever his sense of justice was aroused, (whether the wrong affected himself or others made little or no difference,) he displayed extraordinary intrepidity and resolution. At the sight of suffering innocence, all fear vanished, and he became bold as a lion.

An unexpected incident determined Lavater's choice of a profession, when he was not yet ten years old. One day an inspector of the gymnasium came into the school-room, and asked the boys which of them would be a clergyman; Lavater all at once cried out quite boldly—"I! I!" He uttered this from the impulse of the moment, but no sooner had the words passed his lips, than he felt an earnest longing for the ministerial office; his utterance became a wish, and his wish a resolution. He hastened home, and his first words were, "I will be a clergyman." His astonished mother replied, "Does that depend only on yourself? Have your father and mother nothing to say in the business? Who has given you leave?" Poor Kaspar knew not what to reply. It had never

entered his thoughts that any opposition would be offered by his parents; however, on his saying that he should consider their approbation as indispensable, his mother altered her tone, and only told him that there was time enough; perhaps it might be ultimately the design of Providence.

The reason why his parents demurred to his choice of a profession was simply this:—he had an uncle, Matthias Lavater, an apothecary, and an elder brother, Conrad. His parents had therefore planned that one of their two sons should be an apothecary, and the other a physician. His uncle had no children, and Conrad's abilities were moderate; so they wished Conrad to be the apothecary, and Kaspar the physician. By degrees, however, they relinquished this scheme, several of their friends on whose judgment they placed great reliance having approved of Kaspar's choice; so that, henceforward, he looked on himself as destined to the Christian ministry, though his views of its nature and responsibilities must necessarily have been extremely defective.

In May, 1753, Lavater was taken dangerously ill. "During this illness," he says, "I reviewed my life; I sought to purify my heart; *and I was especially* careful to forgive whatever

wrong had been done to me, and to ask forgiveness of any one whom I thought I had wronged."

In the course of the following year, he was drawn, unawares, into an act of intemperance, (a vice from which he had been remarkably free;) but the shame and self-reproach that ensued were overruled to be the means, under God, of producing a lasting and most beneficial effect on his character. Unhappily, he had among his associates two of notoriously bad habits. One evening he took a walk with them into the country; the weather was hot, and made them thirsty; they called at a house, and asked for milk, but not being able to obtain any, his two companions procured a bottle of wine. Lavater would have left them, but they constrained him to stay and partake with them. As he had been quite unused to such indulgences, two or three glasses were sufficient to intoxicate him. His conscience smote him, and he bitterly deplored that, though he at first withstood the temptation, he had not persevered in his resistance. But this was not all; one false step is generally followed by another; who can foretell by how many? On reaching home, he hoped to escape to his own chamber unnoticed, but the parlour door was open, and

his mother, hearing his footsteps, called him in. She guessed, from his looks, what had happened, and asked him, in a whisper, as there was company present, "Have you been drinking?" He replied, "No," and was allowed to leave the room, overcome with shame at his degraded state both in mind and body. "No event of my life," he remarks, "ever made so deep an impression upon my heart as this; and it was most salutary; it made me invulnerable to other temptations. It cost me many bitter tears, though my mother asked me no more questions, and I was not punished. So deep was the impression, that when my brother Diethelm, twelvemonths after, broke his arm, I considered myself to be the guilty cause of it, and that it was a punishment for my intemperance. Since then, twenty-six years have passed away, and to this day I feel the effect on my heart."

From this period till he reached manhood, Lavater was much troubled with frightful dreams, so that the very thought of going to bed was terrifying. Now, likewise, he began to acquire a love of reading, though in a very desultory manner. "I regaled myself," he says, "in my father's library, without plan or *order; sometimes* I took up a volume on

natural history, then one on chemistry or history. I had neither steadiness nor patience to read anything to the end. In preparing his school exercises, Kaspar was generally careless; he relied too much on the natural quickness of his faculties, so that his application was fitful and desultory; he would work hard for a week or two, as the occasion might require, and then relapse into indolence.

He had, as we have already mentioned, a keen sense of justice, and was incensed at every violation of it. He was generous, and even lavish, in whatever he had to spend; he took delight in promoting the happiness of others, and sympathized deeply with the afflicted and indigent. Amidst all his levity he never gave up the habit of prayer. It rescued him from many perplexities and troubles, for which no human power or wisdom could give relief. After enumerating several remarkable instances of this kind, he says, "I had a God who taught me to pray, and heard me; a God who was indispensable to me, for he was my help. Oh that I could weep myself back to the simplicity of my early days!"

CHAPTER II.

LAVATER'S YOUTH AND INTRODUCTION TO THE MINISTRY.

In his thirteenth year, Lavater entered the higher school, or *Collegium Humanitatis*. "I am now at college," he says; "am I a student then? Am I another, a new man? So I thought at first; but I soon found I was the very same. Yet I entered with the most serious resolves, the most religious sentiments, the liveliest sense of the importance of my situation. I felt an inward elevation. I rejoiced in the new life that seemed to animate me. I looked with contempt and pity on the careless unreflecting youths around me. If it please God, Kaspar, thou shalt become a noble man!" Notwithstanding Lavater's sanguine anticipations, his proficiency appears to have been very moderate. He was surpassed by many students of inferior talent, but of greater steadiness of application. An earthquake, *which was felt* at Zurich in 1755, and the

death of his elder brother not long after, were two events that deeply affected him. They were not without benefit in a religious point of view; but they also gave a violent shock to his nervous system, from which he did not recover for many years.

During his college course, Lavater formed an intimacy with three young men of the name of Hess, and with Henry Füssly, better known in this country as Fuseli, the artist, but who at that time was studying theology. In forming his friendship, Lavater was influenced, not merely by a general congeniality of disposition, and a desire to reciprocate kindly feelings, but by a common interest in the higher objects of human contemplation. "I assure you," he says, in one of his letters to Jacob Hess, "that the most serious letters, especially if they are written by a sincere and thoughtful friend, are most to my taste. Letters should always treat, it seems to me, on *something* of importance. Words uttered are soon lost. It is, on the contrary, one of my greatest pleasures to receive letters which can be read again and again with pleasure; which do not disgust by being full of mere conceits and gossip, but furnish satisfying food for the mind."

In another letter, he thus writes:—"He is

wise who knows the value of things. Not to know the worth of what is most valuable is wretchedness and folly. Most men waste what is of the greatest value because they think that they have it in superabundance; but the wise man has too little, and weeps for the loss of the smallest portion. I hear not the onward foot of time till he is close at hand, and threatens me with his sharp scythe; alas for me, I see the witnesses of death, departed hours there in eternity, waiting to condemn me! The hours that have been spent in sin are working endless pains for me among the treasures of wrath—a mighty host—Jehovah sees them all. My heart would despair, my soul would sink under the burden of its sorrows, if the compassionate Redeemer had not put it into my thoughts to dedicate every moment to him, to my neighbour, and to the salvation of my own soul. . . . Let us arouse one another to listen to time as it rushes on; let not its foot pass by us unawares. Behold, he comes with the balances of God in his hand. Oh, that we could give him souls and deeds worthy of eternity! Life in the last hour is like a sweet, golden dream, that enchants the soul; but our tears will then teach us too late that life's vanities are fleeting dreams. Let *us collect roses* for our death-bed, and smile at

death as the night-watcher at the dawn. To be united in serving God must be our greatest happiness; let us embrace it; let us love as brethren; let us live, and not dream."

A letter from Lavater to his friend, Henry Hess, towards the end of their academical course, when the latter was deliberating whether to become a clergyman or to enter into business, exhibits, in an interesting manner, his own views relative to the sacred office. It opens with a fervent prayer.

"O Lord! all-gracious Father! Lover of men! I supplicate thee on behalf of my dearest friend. Lead him, O Father, in the way in which he should go. Enable him to fulfil thy counsel. O Father of lights, let him shine as a light in a crooked and perverse generation! Show him for what purpose thou hast chosen him; strengthen him in all that is good, in virtue and in knowledge. Guide my heart and hands to the end, so that nothing may pass from my lips which shall not be for his benefit. Do thou, O Father, guide his heart and my heart. Hear me, O Father, hear me!"

The letter proceeds, "When a man has the noble design and aim to live to the glory of God, and to serve God's purposes, as David in his generation, he must, above all, be careful

in selecting the means of attaining his object. He should carefully examine his constitution of body and mind, and keep a sharp eye on the defects of his temperament—on his acquired and habitual weaknesses. He must examine all the circumstances which lead him to choose a certain line of life, and measure his capabilities, and imagine himself in various circumstances and changes. If he judge himself equally fitted for two different professions, so that in either he might be a useful man, he must pay attention to collateral circumstances which Providence also has in view; he must weigh peculiar advantages and disadvantages impartially, and with constant prayer. Let him penetrate deeper into an acquaintance with his own character; thus keeping his ears open to the voice that addresses him, constantly comparing whatever presents itself as better with what is less suitable. The best, or rather the only means to make a happy choice, is earnest and unceasing prayer to God. A heart full of noble and virtuous aims being presupposed, allow me, my dearest friend, to lay before you my thoughts, according to my feeble ability, but impartially, not leaning to one side more than another.

"*Happy, yes,* for ever happy, is the shepherd

whom God judges worthy to feed the flock which he hath purchased with his own blood. Of a steward nothing is more required than that he should 'be found faithful;' but to be a faithful steward of the mysteries of God includes a great deal—to advance his Lord's cause with all his powers of body and soul, according to 1 Cor. iv.—not to be ashamed of being esteemed a fool for Christ's sake—to live in so consistent a manner that neither the strong nor the weak, neither the pious nor the ungodly, can accustom themselves to anything ignoble or sinful by pleading the example of such a servant of God. We know what a powerful impression the example of a teacher makes on a weak mind. How many unhappy consequences, on the other hand, an unworthy example may have on immortal, but unreflecting and undecided souls. What strong health of body is needed to labour by day and night, early and late, in season and out of season—to impart consolation to the healthy and the sick—to administer the medicine of souls; how much gentleness—how much patience—how much knowledge of other minds—how much self-knowledge must such a person have who would be all things to all men! But then, how delightful is it, even in this life, to a soul that

loves God, to be able to incite others to his love; how agreeable, how noble, is the calling far above an earthly one, to be a shepherd of the flock of God! How many hopes are laid up for such a one in heaven—how great will be his reward there! Happy, inexpressibly happy, are faithful teachers, for they will shine as the stars of God. But woe to them that do the work of the Lord deceitfully. Woe to the unfaithful servants who know their Lord's will, but do it not. They will 'be beaten with many stripes.'

"How beautiful is it, my beloved friend, to enlighten men, like a city set upon a hill! How delightful, how dignified, is the occupation of training noble hearts in the principles of religion, for God and their country! What a strong impression does a Christian life make, even that of one who is not in the clerical profession! How many happy consequences follow from the example of a private citizen, who has the glory of God in view in all his actions! Put then, my dear friend, your two talents out to interest, and thereby gain two other talents.

"I feel assured that as a layman you will be very useful, not only on account of the rarity of such characters, but for other reasons. You *know your* capabilities, your health, your

inward and outward circumstances. You have a wise and upright brother for a friendly counsellor, prudent parents, intelligent relations, your own experience, and a gracious God who has given you all these, and who certainly will soon let you know His will, for what purpose he has called you. Only hold fast what you have learned, 'fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.' Yes! ineffable Love, I again supplicate thee for my estimable friend, who consecrates himself to thee, whether in a public or a private station. Teach him to do according to thy will. Let the prayer of his heart be acceptable to thee, my Rock and his Rock—his Redeemer and my Redeemer!"

To the selfish and vicious, characters that are conformed to a high moral standard are not only repulsive but unintelligible. Distaste for frivolous amusements, elevated views, disinterested benevolence, are so many enigmas for which the votaries of sensual pleasure can find no better or readier solution than the imputation of hypocrisy, or of exactly those evil propensities to which their own hearts are most prone; as in the instance Coleridge mentions, of a sober young man, who, on entering a convivial party, was instantly charged with being drunk, "*he looked* so strange and pale!" And

thus Lavater, because he and his friends, Felix and Henry Hess, kept aloof from Sunday evening parties, and devoted the time to private religious conversation, was taxed with impiety, and with leading his associates into scepticism and infidelity. To a mind so refined and susceptible as his, such calumny was little less than a martyrdom. He gave vent to his wounded feelings in a letter addressed to his two associates. "In one of my last letters I gave you my thoughts on the passage, 1 Thess. v. 16, 'Rejoice evermore;' but in this letter, I must confess, to my great sorrow, that I am not so far advanced in Christianity as to be able to rejoice at the present time. If you are sure of anything, you are of my extreme affection for you. But an enemy has sown tares among the wheat. What a trial for me! what suffering for loving souls! How painful to a tender conscience is a falsehood, a falsehood which, were it not one, would reduce me to rank with the most depraved and foolish of men! To think that I should be called your seducer! how is my soul troubled! scarcely can my pen express the pain which now fills my whole heart with sadness. Alas! how am I crushed! O Lord! I would adore thy ways; but let all, both friends and foes, know that my *soul is free* from the guilt of seducing others.

How shall I tremble when my foot passes the threshold of your house; but wherein, for God's sake, for our imperishable, inexpressible, friendship's sake, tell me, wherein have I seduced you? Lord! thou knowest my conscience is clear of this. Oh that it were equally clear of everything! You know what I have said to you; the invisible Hearer knows it, and his book will one day disclose it.

"It has been asserted that I have made you hypocrites. God knows your hearts! What! have I chosen the Sunday evenings for holding atheistical conversations? for imbuing you with sceptical principles? . . . Were this true, your parents would wish that I had never known you; to see me every day in their house would be like plunging a dagger into their hearts. . . Are we to meet no more? that cannot be; only death can separate us. But if people are offended at our intercourse, what then? Have I seduced you? have I made you atheistical hypocrites? am I to blame that you no longer desecrate the Lord's day by useless conversation or amusements? Let both of you answer. God bless you, my friends; may God deliver us out of this trial, and open the eyes of the blind! I am, your Lavater.

"Your Lavater, not your Seducer."

In 1761, Lavater delivered his second probationary discourse, as a candidate for the ministerial office, before the professors and his fellow-students, and his text was, Eccles. vii. 2, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasing; for that is the end of all men." On this occasion, the youthful orator availed himself of an unforeseen circumstance, with a tact which would have done credit to an experienced speaker. He had proceeded in his discourse till the hour allotted for it was just expiring. "We have no abiding city here," he was saying — "we are only strangers and pilgrims upon earth; oh that I were so happy as to make you fully sensible of the importance of this truth! We are mortal, and the hour of our death will certainly not tarry. Are we not constantly drawing near the end of our days? Do we not every instant advance one step nearer eternity? Are not all our moments numbered?" At that instant the clock struck; Lavater paused a little till it had ceased striking, and then, with an earnest and solemn tone, added, "Hark! my brethren—this hour is also now gone! it is gone! we are all one hour nearer our end!"

It is interesting to observe the severe scrutiny to which he subjected his motives, and his enlight-

ened view of the spirituality of religion, as exhibited in the following letter to Henry Hess:—

"When I examine myself before God, in reference to the motives of my actions, words, and thoughts, I must admit that I am very far from being always actuated by a pure, genuine, sincere love to God, and concern for his glory. I often detect in my heart a selfish inclination, which brings me back to myself; I reckon this among my special great sins. The nature of religion demands not so much external observances as the homage of the heart. All the virtues, considered by themselves, are in fact nothing but bodily actions, if the heart be wanting. Without the heart, virtue is a body without the soul. More than this, not only must my heart be moved in the performance of virtuous actions, it must be zealous. We are not only men — we are Christians. Reason and revelation unite in telling us that if our virtues have any value, God must be their source, their object, and their end. I grant, indeed, that, for instance, I can seldom or never discover anything hypocritical in my almsgiving. I experience in it such a hearty and holy joy; I really think of God most of all in it. I do not deny the grace of God that works in me in many other respects. But I do not

remark in my conversation, especially when in the company of some one else than yourself, that uprightness which God requires, and which I wish to possess. I make use of many phrases—I give my words sometimes a tone and direction which are prompted by self; and thus, however concealed it may be, they point to myself and not to God. Sometimes the wish to please self mingles so much with the fear of God, that they seem to proceed side by side at an equal pace. Hence I conclude that my heart is not free from pride; if I would doubt this, I have only to call to mind my strong tendency to anger, which is nothing else than the offspring of pride; nor the chagrin which, however my reason abjures, I feel when any one reproves me for certain faults.

"But I must lay open another source of sin to my heart—sensuality. I am never secure from this enemy; he pursues me even into my most sacred hours. When the soul is thinking of its God and its immortality, it lays a thousand snares for me in the most virtuous occupations. When will this enemy be conquered? When will pure reason alone, sanctified by the Spirit of the Lord, direct all my actions? Shall I ever attain to this happiness on earth? Oh, *how* often have I prayed to the Lord that this

messenger of Satan, that buffets me, might leave me! I should indeed be very unthankful to the grace of my Lord, if I were not to say that the gracious answer he gave to Paul, that his grace should be sufficient for him, has also been of great use to me.

"I could in one day find more proofs that I did not love God than that I loved him. There is not one of my actions that does not need a humble 'Lord have mercy on me!' My devotion is very cold, and I do not devote nearly so much time to it as the importance of such an essential part of religion demands, and as I gladly take for the smallest business of another kind. It is true, I have a strong disposition to make my neighbours happy, and to contribute in this or that way to their welfare; but still I am very far from that philanthropy which is required of the Christian, and which would make him the happiest man on earth—the philanthropy which animated the first Christians, and glowed in the breast of my Redeemer. If I had an enemy who assailed me by his mean practices, slandered my good name, and publicly insulted me—who would injure me in every possible way, should I seek to reconcile such an one to me by gentleness, humility, mildness, beneficence, and un-

shaken love? Should I speak well of him? Should I maintain a magnanimous silence respecting his meanness? Should I zealously and fervently pray for him to God, as for my best friend? Should I not complain of his baseness to thee, my dearest friend, in a tone of bitterness and irritation?"

In the spring of the year 1762, Lavater was inducted into the ministerial office, having completed his theological course. In reference to this event, he remarks, in one of his letters—"The principal duties required of me are twofold; that of acquiring scientific knowledge, and that of a peculiarly exemplary conduct, which shall go beyond the common virtue of the best Christians. You are mistaken if you imagine that my knowledge is even moderate. What is my knowledge of languages, which yet is indispensable to a clergyman? Very moderate. And as to philosophy—ought I not to reckon the pursuit of this science among my duties? But I need not now attempt to prove that I am infinitely far from the moral completeness of a clergyman.

"But am I to remain stationary in this mournful conviction? No; I will humbly bow myself before my Creator and Redeemer; *I will sincerely* resolve to strive after the

heights of perfection—never to stand still—never to be weary of honouring God in all things; to be no servant of men, nor of any selfish aim. Especially I will endeavour, by God's grace, to try all my actions by St. Paul's rule: 'Whatsoever is not of faith, (a conviction that it is good,) is sin;' then I shall become a man in Christ, and his worthy servant."

CHAPTER III.

LAVATER'S PROCEEDINGS AGAINST THE UNJUST MAGISTRATE—JOURNEY TO BARTH, ETC.

THE first transaction which brought Lavater into public notice was a spirited, and, ultimately, a successful attempt made by him and Fuseli to bring to justice an iniquitous magistrate, belonging to one of the bailiwicks under the jurisdiction of the town of Zurich. This man had for a length of time been guilty of numerous acts of extortion, but being the son of the burgomaster, and connected with other persons of influence, among whom was Lavater's father, no one had hitherto been bold enough to call him to account. Moreover, he was now a member of the city council, having filled the office of bailiff for the usual term of six years. As Lavater was anxious to avoid implicating any other members of his family, or proceeding in direct opposition to their wishes, he only affixed his initials to an indig*nant* remonstrance which he addressed to the

bailiff, as a first step, hoping by that means to render a more public exposure unnecessary. It began in the following impassioned manner :

27th August, 1762.

" I take up my pen with trembling to address thee, thou tyrant, miscreant, hypocrite, unjust judge, impious perjurer, to require thee to make reparation for thy injustice before it be too late. Be informed that there is still a day of grace for thee. I can scarcely restrain myself from adopting another method which would be more terrible to thy evil conscience, but for this once I try what gentle means will do. Unhappy mortal ! promptly repent and confess, if thou hast a particle of humanity, a spark of penitent feeling, such as may be excited in an evil-doer by the reproaches of his conscience. Acknowledge and repent of the black register of thy misdeeds. Behold the tears, the misery, the woe, thou hast caused to a whole people. Obdurate man, let the loud appeals—the complaints ascending to Heaven—the bitter but just curses uttered by so many whom thou hast harassed, trodden down, and beggared—let all these penetrate thy ears. Canst thou behold the misery of which thou art the author, and hear the curses thou hast called forth, *without being* horrified—without looking with

detestation on thy ill-gotten wealth, and resolving to restore the pelf to thy groaning and innocent victims?

"Inhuman wretch! thinkest thou that God will still connive? No; thy doom is fixed. Vengeance is hastening on and bares its arm against thee, for it is weary of thy injustice; yet it is possible to arrest that arm. Be prompt; arise, and make restitution. And what thou canst not restore to the oppressed, give to the poor, who will then supplicate Heaven on thy behalf, that the Almighty may withhold his judgments. But if thou despisest my warnings, I, and other brave citizens, will rise up against thee—will call by name on the injured parties, and demand vengeance on thee."

The address contained much more in the same vehement strain, and ended with allowing the bailiff two months for repentance and making restitution, as the condition of not proceeding to extremities with him. But on the expiration of this term, as things remained just as they were, Lavater showed himself to be a man of his word. On the 21st of October, each of the Zurich magistrates received, from an unknown quarter, a printed memorial, entitled, "The Unjust Bailiff; or, An Accusation *by a Patriot.*" To each copy was affixed a

motto, suited to the character of the person to whom it was sent, and which, to the credit of Lavater's sagacity and tact, came home to the individual as a cutting reproof. The general motto to the memorial was taken from Plutarch's life of Brutus—"Thou too, Brutus—thou sleepest! Oh that thou wert alive!"

This anonymous document produced a powerful sensation, not only in the bench of magistrates, but throughout the city. The notorious misconduct of the bailiff caused the general voice to be raised in favour of the unknown patriot; yet some parties, including Lavater's parents, found fault with the anonymous and irregular character of the proceeding. At length, on the 4th of December, the matter was brought before the senate, who issued a decree, calling on all persons who had charges against the bailiff to transmit them in a legal form to the burgomaster.

Lavater and Fuseli perceived that the time was now come for avowing the authorship of this memorial. The first person to whom they spoke on the subject was David Wyss, the first secretary of the council. Lavater wished to make him the medium of communication with his parents, whose disapprobation he dreaded for the part he had taken in the

affair. Wyss readily undertook the office of mediator. He went at once to Dr. Lavater, and said, "I come to congratulate you on having a son who, by his zeal for justice, I do not say will be, but already is, a distinguished man." Startled at the news, Lavater's father expressed his apprehension of the consequences, but Wyss, laying his hand on his shoulders, said, "Rejoice, doctor, that your son has uttered what no one else had courage to utter. That justice, a pure zeal for which has inspired him, will protect him with her wings." On returning home, Lavater met his mother, who, in a kindly tone said to him, "I am sure, my Kaspar, you have not put your hand to this work without prayer to God. You will be assisted to the end."

When the day arrived on which the Commission of Inquiry held their first sitting, Lavater and Fuseli made their appearance, and frankly stated their motives for the steps they had taken. On being asked why they had adopted a method so likely to irritate, and had used such violent language, Lavater replied, that the love of justice was more distinctly shown by the vehement tone of their criminations than by more moderate and guarded *statements,* and that the suffering of the par-

ties aggrieved had been in some measure alleviated by the public indignation which had been thus aroused.

The investigation terminated in a manner which was very satisfactory to its prime movers, and creditable to the Zurich magistracy. The property that had been unjustly seized was restored to the respective parties, and condign punishment was inflicted on the bailiff. Nor was this all. Another magistrate, who had been guilty of similar malversation, was seized with remorse, and made restitution to the amount of several thousand florins to the victims of his extortion. It should be mentioned as characteristic of Lavater, that on the morning of the very day on which he appeared before the Commission, he delivered with the utmost composure a sermon which he had engaged to preach, before he knew what turn events would take.

Lavater and his friend Felix Hess, instead of pursuing their studies at one of the German universities, agreed to place themselves under the care of Spalding, one of the most eminent men in the Lutheran church at that time, and residing at Barth, in Swedish Pomerania. They were accompanied by Fuseli, and as they passed through Leipzic and Berlin, on the way to

their destination, they became acquainted with several distinguished men, among whom were Ernesti, Gellert, Zollikofer, and the philosophic Jew, Moses Mendelsohn. Speaking of the last-mentioned individual, Lavater says, "We found him in the counting-house of a silk manufactory, a courteous, highly intelligent man, with a penetrating eye, and an Esopean body. He spoke rapidly in conversation, but often stopped suddenly, owing to a natural impediment. He is possessed of great acuteness, refined taste, and extensive scientific knowledge. He has a metaphysical head, and great reverence for genius. He is an impartial judge of works of intellect and taste, confiding and frank in his intercourse, temperate in his language as he is in his writings, not carried away by praise, and far removed from practising the artifices of inferior minds for gaining applause; he is generous and ready to perform kind offices to the Jews; he is a brother, treating them with affection and respect, and honoured and loved by them in return. But how little do his outward circumstances correspond to his talents! He superintends the silk manufactory of Bernhard, a rich Jew, for a salary of 800 dollars (or about £50) per annum, and has scarcely *any leisure* for the cultivation of his mind."

During his stay at Berlin, Lavater took every opportunity of enlarging his acquaintance with men and things. He selected those topics for conversation with which he supposed that the persons he addressed were most familiar, according to the maxim which he laid down for deriving the greatest benefit from social intercourse—to seek from every man what it was in his power to give. A late writer has said, "If you want to understand a subject, hear a man speak of it whose business it is. If you want to understand the man, hear him speak of something else."

On the 3rd of May, 1763, Lavater and his two friends left Berlin for Barth, where they received a cordial welcome from Spalding. Lavater immediately entered on an extensive course of reading in theology, philosophy, and poetry. He had constantly a pen in his hand, either for the purpose of making extracts, or of committing to paper reflections and criticisms on the works he read. He paid also considerable attention to drawing, particularly portraits, which was of essential service to him in his physiognomical studies. While at Barth, he also wrote several articles for the literary journals that were then published at Linden, *Frankfort,* and Leipzic. He maintained a very

regular and frequent correspondence with his parents, and endeavoured, with them, and indeed with all his friends, to make his letters a vehicle, not merely of temporary amusement, but of lasting benefit. "You expect from me," he said on one occasion, "more important matter than the news of the day. I am almost afraid that my former letters have not answered your expectations. Yet, now and then, I have kept back some interesting passages, which it will be better to read after my return on many a pleasant evening. I spend much of my time in our garden, which is large and country-like, though not commanding a very extensive view. There I work, read, and write; there also I often enjoy very delightful intercourse with our Spalding, who makes striking observations on the most ordinary topics. He lately remarked, in reference to a hypocritical preacher, that there is often no surer sign of pride than when one complains of another's pride, and believes that one finds in his most innocent looks and behaviour proofs of an overbearing and contemptuous disposition. . . . . Pride and vanity are thus distinguished from one another. The proud man has lofty ideas of his own inward or outward worth; of *his merits and* superiority; he actually believes

that he is greater than he is, or he attaches too high a value to those points in which he really excels others. The vain man, on the other hand, is anxious to persuade others that he has certain good qualities and merits. He wishes to be esteemed wiser, better, and more learned than he believes himself to be."

In another letter he says, "The only unpleasantness is the feeling that time escapes so rapidly. Yet, when I think again, that the time for returning home draws nigh, this unpleasantness is lost; Spalding asked me if we were entirely satisfied, and begged that we would frankly tell him everything. I thanked him, and said that I and my friends could not wish for anything better, and that all our anticipations had been more than realized. He feels so affectionately towards us, that he has more than once said, 'I cannot think of your going away. . . . If it were in my power, I would make you many visits, like a bee, and bring my honey with me, but I must lay it up in my cell and keep it till my return.' I have found in Mr. Spalding all, and in some respects more than all, that the representations of his friends, and an acquaintance with his writings, led *me to expect*. Our friendship is so intimate *that he keeps* nothing secret from me, his own

faults and weaknesses not excepted. I can speak to him with the utmost freedom, and even give my opinion on his sermons with the greatest frankness.

"We have passed such a delightful evening that I cannot help giving you some account of it. Imagine yourselves with us in the solemn twilight of an autumn evening. We conversed on prayer. That the human mind is capable of thinking of God is a distinction which ought to raise us above all trifling objects. To think that it can approach the eternal Father of all things with the whole force of its thoughts and emotions—utter to him all its wishes—make, as it were, his greatness its own, and regard his lovely perfections as so many eternal and immovable principles of its own happiness—to feel assured that he will hear all prayers for spiritual good, all prayers which relate to its own improvement and that of those with whom it is connected—such a train of thought creates, as it were, a heaven in every well-ordered and reflective mind. How exalted does man become in the eyes of unsophisticated reason when we consider that he is capable of converse with the infinite Deity, the 'Father who seeth in secret,' *who is over all*, and through all, and in all—

with the Being of beings, as with a friend, as with a tender father."

Lavater's religious convictions at this period are exhibited with the greatest clearness in his correspondence with his friend, Henry Hess. "Christianity," he says, "raises me to heaven, when I feel its Divinity with a like-minded Christian like yourself, and our friendship is the sweetest when Christianity makes the soul of it. I see you now, my dear friend, sitting in quiet adoration at the feet of the Redeemer, and pouring out your whole heart before him. I do it in spirit with you, and how transporting is the thought! One Mediator beholds us both, and our nearer fellowship with him in the future state. . . . O my friend, how often I think of that expression, '*Jesus emptied himself!*' How important a being must man be in God's eyes! How exalted must our destiny appear! The Son of God becomes our brother. . . . It is an immediate consequence of the incarnation of Jesus that he is now clothed with an infinitely glorious, but yet human body. Our body will one day be made like his body. We are thus led to the delightful anticipation that our likeness to Jesus, which the Scriptures state so expressly, will consist principally in

this—that we shall see God in his works, and, if I may venture to say so, see God himself, and rejoice in the vision. I take it, indeed, as certain, that the eternal Father, in himself and in his essence, is absolutely and eternally invisible. He alone is absolutely invisible, and it is the peculiar immediate prerogative of the Only Begotten to see God in the most exact and literal sense; in this he is distinguished from all created beings. I do not believe that we shall be partakers of this prerogative in the same manner as the Son of God possesses it. But as far as possible, we shall read the mind of God in the soul of Jesus Christ; we shall see God in Christ."

In another letter he says, "We ought rather to honour and love Jesus on account of his moral perfection; and for this purpose a thoughtful contemplation of his life on earth is requisite. On earth, our Lord was a real man. All the virtues of gentleness, goodness, patience, lowliness, which he exercised here, he exercised as man according to his natural, uncorrupted powers. A man who acted as Jesus did, can be no deceiver and no enthusiast—that is the first conclusion which a Christian must draw from an attentive consideration of his character and *history*. But if he was no deceiver and no

enthusiast, it follows, that he was sent from God, and invested with a Divine miraculous power—that he asserted truly that he was the Messiah, the only begotten Son of God. These positions are inseparable. The more I contemplate the life of Jesus in its moral aspects, so much more worthy of veneration does his person become to me. I admire him more when he prays on the cross for his enemies, than when he stills the storm on the lake of Gennesaret, though the first is a human, the latter a Divine act. The miracles of Jesus become principally valuable to me, not because they are miracles, but because they are beneficent acts which he performed for men, with a spontaneous nobleness of mind—beneficent acts which would tend to make the men for whom they were exhibited capable of receiving higher and more spiritual benefits, and of embracing truths which cannot fail to make them happy."

On January 24, 1764, Lavater and Hess left Barth, in company with their friend and instructor, Spalding, who had received an appointment at Berlin to be consistorial counsellor and preacher. They rejoined Fuseli, who had spent the winter in that city, and remained there till the end of March. Lavater *found ample* scope for his powers of observa-

tion, in the shop or the museum, the palace or the study, and in the social circle. To associate with men eminent for their talents, learning, or piety, was, throughout life, one of Lavater's greatest pleasures. "I have never yet seen a great man," he writes to his parents, "without advantage; even subtracting everything useful which I could get from his conversation, I always receive a powerful impulse to employ my powers to their utmost extent, and thus to do honour to my Creator. I do not thirst for fame; that were equally arrogant and foolish, if I could so far forget myself. But I consider it as a sure sign of a little soul never to feel how great man may become if he strives after that perfection which shines conspicuously before him in the most illustrious examples. Whoever would be freely, inwardly great, must know, beforehand, the possibility of becoming so. I say, further, he must feel the progress of his greatness daily; but in all this he will not feel the least temptation to a vain elation, if he has a well-regulated soul and philosophical mind."

Lavater met with the celebrated mathematician, Euler, his countryman, at Berlin. "He has," he says, "an open regular countenance, *not* bearing the marks of serious deep

thought; but a brow which has the indubitable marks of mathematical acuteness. He is very lively and entertaining; he has not a particle of affectation or pedantry, but much good-natured playfulness and wit, and talks on all subjects with abundant facility. He proposed, in joke, as a sort of case of conscience, whether it was right that two ministers of the Reformed Church should visit a Lutheran, and spend so much time with him. 'Have you,' he said to us, 'made Spalding a Reformed minister, or has he made you Lutherans?' 'Neither the one nor the other,' said I; 'we all three profess ourselves to be Christians.'"

At Quedlenburg Lavater had the pleasure of spending three days in the society of the poet Klopstock. "It is a twelvemonth to-day," he wrote to his parents from Brunswick, "since we left Zurich! A twelvemonth! and how much is there to think of in it! I still see you, my beloved parents, as you appeared on the day we parted; I behold your looks of blessing; and feel your speaking tears trickle down my cheeks. But the hour will soon be here when I shall behold those eyes again, and kiss away those tears.

". . . Few journeys could be so delightful *and profitable* as ours. To-day we have

become acquainted with two men who merit more esteem than we can express—Jerusalem and Gartner. An hour so spent is well worth the distance we have travelled to obtain it. If a person is prepared with a few questions of importance, there is no risk of a minute's passing unimproved. My journey has had more valuable results than I anticipated. I feel my mind continually enlarging, and more powerfully drawn towards goodness. How should it be otherwise in the society of such men?"

At Gottingen he parted with Fuseli, who proceeded to London, while he and Hess pursued their journey homewards. "Now," he says, "a new epoch, as it were, began in our friendship. We resolved to disclose, to the end of our days, all our concerns and projects to one another. I cannot refer, without a pensive regret, to those golden hours; what great views were disclosed, what powerful exhortations were given by one whose heart was so sincere and devoted to truth and virtue! Oh! that night, when the moon shone as a solemn witness on our lonely carriage; that holy night, when with more than usual tenderness, *he* pressed my hand in his, and turned his *clear eyes, from* gazing at the heavens, upon

me, and with an indescribably cordial tone, uttered words never to be forgotten. 'If it please God, Lavater, we will do all we can; we will join hand in hand to spread truth and virtue among men. We will never desert one another. Let us be one heart and one soul, Lavater! One heart and one soul!' This was one of the many solemn exhortations for which I am indebted to this noble-minded friend."

On the evening of his arrival at Strasburg, he wrote, "Oh! my dearest parents, brothers, and sisters; my heart begins to tremble with joy. In a few days I shall embrace you. I hope to do it with joy, amidst the congratulations of all of you." On arriving at Basle, his joyous anticipations were changed to sorrow, by a letter, which informed him of his father's dangerous illness, and urged him to hasten home, that he might be in time to receive his dying blessing. He reached Zurich on the 26th of March, and found his father still living, although apparently on the borders of the grave. It pleased God, however, to check the progress of the disorder, and he gradually recovered.

CHAPTER IV.

LAVATER AT HOME—MARRIAGE OF FELIX HESS—OF LAVATER—TRANSLATION OF BONNET'S PALINGENESIA—JOURNAL OF A SELF-OBSERVER.

As Lavater, on his return home, had no fixed appointment, he devoted much of his time to renewing and arranging the materials he had collected during his absence. He likewise preached frequently, and with increasing popularity. In the style of his discourses, he boldly forsook the beaten track, and spoke with an energy, unction, and simplicity, that formed a striking contrast to the solemn dulness which was then so general.

He resumed his correspondence with Felix and Henry Hess, to whom he unbosomed himself without reserve, especially in reference to some domestic circumstances, which were a daily source of annoyance. Lavater's mother, though a woman of great intelligence, and anxious to promote the happiness of her family, *often failed in attaining* that end from a certain

capriciousness, which made each of her children in turn the object of her partiality or severity; and though none of them stood higher in her esteem than Kaspar, yet even he had often just reason to complain. She sometimes indulged her curiosity in a manner most irksome to a susceptible and generous mind. The following is an instance:—Lavater had deposited the letters from his friends, the Hesses, which contained many allusions to his domestic uneasiness, at the top of a high stove, very safely as he supposed; but one day, what was his surprise when, on entering his chamber, he beheld his mother standing on the table, and throwing these letters by handfulls into a basket by her side! He was thunderstruck, and instantly betook himself to a resource which he had so often found availing in former years; he retired to an adjoining room, and prayed most fervently that God would disperse the gathering storm, and that his mother might refrain from prying into the correspondence. On returning, he found she had filled the basket, but without reading a single letter, and left him in undisturbed possession of the whole.

Not long after, his friend Henry Hess entered into married life; and the exhibition of domestic happiness which was thus constantly presented

to Lavater, added to the causes of his discomfort in his own family, naturally excited the wish to form a similar connexion. He had never yet met with any one whose character approached to the ideal of a domestic associate which he had sketched in earlier days; but in Anna Schintz, a friend of Mrs. Henry Hess, he now found an object that won his devoted affection. The approbation of his parents was cordially given, and, on the 6th of May, 1766, the birth-day of Lavater's father, the union was confirmed in the presence of the respective families. On the 6th of the following month, the marriage was celebrated in the church of Greefensee, a village a few miles from Zurich, of which Henry Hess was minister. Lavater took his bride home to his father's house, where they lived upwards of seven years.

His most sanguine anticipations of happiness from this union appear to have been realized. "I am the happiest husband," said Lavater to one of his friends, "under the sun; and I should be a most ungrateful man were I to wish to be happier. Not many couples with such kindred minds are born in one century. No partner so tender and so virtuous, so regardful of my comforts and inventive in reference to them, could have been granted to my most ardent wishes, as

she who forms the pride and joy of my life." There was a striking contrast in their natural dispositions; Lavater was bold, enterprising, and sometimes rash in his schemes and undertakings. His wife, on the contrary, was calm, reflective, and cautious; this contrast, combined with mutual love and esteem, produced, in most cases, a harmonious equilibrium; but when any trifling difference of opinion remained, quiet submission on her part, undiminished love for her husband, and esteem for his principles, impressed the seal on that delightful concord which pervaded this matrimonial union for four-and-thirty years. In the course of fourteen years, they had eight children, of whom three only arrived at maturity—Henry, who became a physician; Anne, who married Dr. George Gessner, Lavater's biographer; and Louisa, born in 1780, and who was still living in 1842.

For the first two or three years after his marriage, Lavater, not having obtained any pastoral charge, devoted much of his time to literary pursuits. Besides contributing to various periodicals, he published a version of the Psalms in rhyme. His "Swiss Songs," which appeared in 1767, were written in a tone of fervid patriotism, and went through several editions soon after their publication. Many of

them are founded on the most remarkable historical events, or represent pictures of national manners and customs. His "Views of Eternity" consist of twenty-four letters, addressed to Dr. Zimmerman, of Hanover. He had at first designed to put the materials in a poetic form, as most suitable to their conjectural and imaginative character.

In 1769, he published a translation of Bonnet's Palingenesia, and dedicated it to Moses Mendelsohn, for the purpose of bringing under his notice the evidences of Christianity. But, however praiseworthy his intention, he inconsiderately alluded to some private conversations with Mendelsohn, of which the latter complained, not altogether without reason. The mutual explanations which followed were made in a spirit highly honourable to both parties.

Lavater examined afresh the sentiments he had long held on the subject of Divine operation, faith, and prayer. He solicited the views of the most eminent theologians with whom he was acquainted, but their answers afforded him little satisfaction; they appeared to be written under the influence of systems and preconceived opinions, rather than drawn immediately and impartially from the Scriptures. "I have received," he said, "a number of pretended

answers to my questions; I say *pretended*, for though I have done all in my power to keep investigators to the point, I have not prevailed on them to give me a direct answer."

In 1769, Lavater began his "Secret Journal of a Self-observer." A copy of it was surreptitiously obtained by some unknown person, and sent to Zollikofer, with certain alterations, intended to conceal the authorship. Zollikofer was so pleased with the work that he published it, and sent a copy to Lavater. The author was astonished at the sight of what had been designed only for his own use; but the garbled state in which it was printed, induced him to send out a new and corrected edition, with an additional volume. The work opens with the following rules for his daily conduct, which Lavater sketched soon after his marriage.

"1. I will never rise in the morning without offering thanks and prayer to God, and without reflecting that it may be for the last time.

"2. Neither in the forenoon nor afternoon will I go about my business without first, for a few moments at least, supplicating God on my knees for his aid and blessing.

"3. I will never do or undertake what I would *leave* undone, if Jesus Christ stood

visibly before me—what I might perhaps repent of in the uncertain hour of my certain death. By God's help, I will habituate myself to do everything, without exception, in the name of Jesus Christ, and as his disciple. I will pray to God at all times for the Holy Spirit, and be in a state of continual disposition for prayer.

"4. I will daily read some chapters in the Bible, and especially in the New Testament, and every day mark a particular sentence from the chapters I have read, and often repeat it to myself.

"5. Every day shall be marked by at least one special work of love.

"6. Every day I will exert myself to the utmost to be useful to my household.

"7. I will never eat nor drink so much as to experience the least inconvenience or hindrance in my duties; and I will refrain as much as possible from taking anything between the regular meals.

"8. Wherever I have to go, I will first send up an aspiration to God that I may not sin there, but leave some good behind. I will do the same before every meal.

"9. I will never lay myself down to sleep *without prayer.*

"10. I will, as long as I am in health, never allow myself more than eight hours' sleep.

"11. In my intercessions for others, which I will never omit a single day, I will mention by name my parents, my wife, my children, brothers and sisters, domestics and friends.

"12. Every evening I will examine myself according to these resolutions, and mark in my diary those I have violated; likewise what I have read, what I have done, wherein I have failed, and what I have learned."

The following passage is extracted from the first entry in the Journal:—

"Jan. 1, 1769. This morning I woke at three o'clock, and heard the watchman—I never hear him without a certain pleasing melancholy, which is accompanied by a delicate sense of the fleetness of my life, and by gloomy images of wakeful philosophers, sick people groaning, dying persons, etc. This morning I had a livelier sense of these things than usual; I prostrated myself in thought before God, and offered to him the first emotions of this new year. I could not restrain my tears in my silent prayer, while I commended to God's mercy all my brethren and sisters in the whole world. I revolved in my mind the above-mentioned rules, renewed my pious resolutions,

and, with a serene confidence, resigned my whole destiny, temporal and eternal, into the hands of my best and most faithful Father in heaven.

"I slept very quietly and softly till half-past six, awoke with joy and gratitude, repeated Gellert's New Year's Hymn, and read the first four chapters of Matthew's Gospel. My text for the day was, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'

". . . . I resolved to wish no one a happy new year with my lips only. What a violation of truth is it to wish any one a blessing in words, which the heart wishes not, perhaps even grudges! Therefore, thou sense of sincerity, be always living in my heart; and oh! my heart, never forget that it is mean hypocrisy to pronounce a wish without meaning anything by it! It cost me much trouble to carry out this resolution. Several times my words went beyond my real sentiments; but I overtook them, and always experienced a calm satisfaction when I felt that my wishes were pervaded by manly and brotherly love."

CHAPTER V.

THE ASCETIC SOCIETY—LAVATER'S FIRST CLERICAL APPOINTMENT—DEATHS OF FELIX AND HENRY HESS—FRIENDSHIP WITH J. C. PFENNINGER—YEARS OF SCARCITY—DEATH OF LAVATER'S MOTHER—REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

LAVATER was the founder of the Ascetic Society at Zurich. Its primary object was to train young students of theology for visiting and instructing criminals, and preparing for their last end those who were sentenced to death; it was afterwards extended to other objects belonging to pastoral theology. It was opened by Lavater, April 28th, 1768. In his address, he insisted particularly on the necessity of Christian love towards criminals. "Without this flame of Christian love, my brethren," he said, "let none venture within the precincts of a prison. With what displeasure must our Lord and Master regard him who would approach a criminal with a look of pharisaical pride, with a look of affected innocence, with a sympathy more like a royal pardon than a modest, simple

[illegible] I me who ha
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. if your
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the ha
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a prison i
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

f his office to catechise the prisoners, a far
ore difficult task, but which gave scope for
he exercise of his ardent benevolence, and an op-
ortunity of studying human nature under some
f its most striking, though degraded aspects.
n the day of his appointment he recorded the
llowing act of devotion in his journal :—

"I have received from thy hand, O my God,
small charge, where I may preach thy gospel,
nd instruct souls for whom thy Son Jesus
hrist died—where I may warn them against
n, that eternal poison, and lead them on to
ppiness and salvation. Thou knowest, O my
ather, how I value this opportunity of doing
ood; how heartily I rejoice that I can now
eak every Sunday in thy Son's name, and
ntribute to realize his designs of mercy. But
ou knowest also, how sorely I am disquieted
; the thought that I may, in a short time,
lax my efforts—that I shall too easily forget
any a good resolution—too soon allow many
sacred impulse to expire. I know myself,
my Father and Creator! I feel the unsteadi-
ess and weakness of my heart. I dare not
uild much on myself, nor promise much, but
much the more I feel compelled to turn to
ee with childlike and humble supplication.
[*erciful, Almighty* Father!—loving, sympa-

thetic, Almighty Saviour! if thou strengthenest me I can do all things. Oh that my heart might never lose this conviction—that I might always hold fast of thee by faith—always enter into thy plans—and mould my heart exactly according to thy heart! Look down from thy heights of heaven upon me, that I may look up to thee from amidst the shades of this mortal life with a pure, undisturbed, and loving heart. Thou knowest, O my Lord and Master, what is still wanting to me. . . . Give me freedom to utter all that is true, useful, and salutary. Let no fear, no secret desire to please men, hinder my saying what ought to be said, or ever seduce me to utter what is half-true, pernicious, or crude. Never let me, who am thy servant, become the servant of men to their ruin. I am thine; save me."

The happy circle formed by the brothers Hess, Lavater, and their much-loved domestic associates, was twice broken by death within the space of little more than two years. Felix Hess, very soon after his marriage, was attacked by a fever which, in a few months, terminated his life. During his illness, he entreated Lavater to tell him faithfully of his faults, assuring him that he should regard it as the highest act *of friendship*. On one of the last days of his

life, Lavater said to him, "You will soon come to your rest; but, alas! you will not be present at my death-bed." Hess pressed his hand, and said in a faint voice, "But an earlier, better friend will be there, and then I shall come to fetch your soul home." "Make no panegyric on me," he said at another time; "tell my faults to my friends for their warning. What infinite trouble does every action, apparently good, with which ambition, an almost invincible foe, has mingled itself, or which has not been performed from the purest motives, occasion me now, in my last hours! Tell my friends how totally different our best actions appear in the hour of death from what they do in the bustle of life. Do not spare me! It is better men should know my faults than my good deeds."

Lavater's journal contains the following account of his friend's last moments:—

"March 3rd, 1768. One of my friends now lies before me, too weak to utter a word to his tender wife, or to me. But God be praised! Rest and peace are poured into his soul, and a calm longing after immortality glows in his breast—after the vision of Him whom, not having seen, he loves, and in whom he rejoices 'with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' May I *one day lie* as peacefully on my death-bed, and

look forward to the glory of the invisible world with the same tranquillity and confident expectation!

"On the last night, when delirious, he prayed in French, (German is his native language,) as well as could be expected from a person in sound health. All that he said was quite rational, and showed the integrity of his heart.

"About ten o'clock in the morning the death-struggle began; his breathing was more laborious, his eyes were wide open and fixed. 'Let us kneel down and pray,' I exclaimed. I knelt with my face towards the bed, and prayed aloud, while the warm tears gushed forth. 'O Lord God, merciful and gracious, pity thy beloved dying one! pour light into his soul. Omnipresent Love! support him. . . . O Jesus Christ, thou hast tasted death for us all, and for this our dying brother. Thou art sympathizing and powerful to help those who are struggling with death. Let him experience the power of thy eternal Spirit. Purify and sanctify him more and more, that his whole spirit, soul, and body, may be preserved blameless unto the day of thy coming. . . . Grant him something, even now, of the joys of the resurrection—of the delight of thy infinite love.

Give him courage, that he may not be terrified at death. Fill him with an inward sense of thy love, that he may not dread to appear before the light of thy countenance.'

"At noon, the rattling in the throat came on, and his breathing was interrupted. I sighed, but not aloud. His wife began to weep bitterly, and cried, 'He is dying! Alas! he is dead!' I had self-possession sufficient to say, 'No! he is living, as truly as Jesus Christ lives;' but when I turned my eyes towards him, and my hand touched his cheek, my courage and composure failed me. I sank down; I could only weep aloud, and exclaim, 'He is dead!'

"O God! what is man? what am I, who am now alive? This hand, which now holds and guides my pen, will one day be stiff and cold. My tearful eye, thy tears will one day be dried up; and thou wilt be glazed like my beloved friend's. My mouth shall breathe no more; my tongue shall speak no more. There I shall lie, and hear no more the good or evil spoken of me by those who may be near or distant from my lifeless corpse. Oh, how deeply do I now feel what I have uttered a thousand times in my life without feeling, and have even

slighted as a common-place reflection, that I am mortal! Oh, what a difference between *professing* the truth and *feeling* the truth!"

Within little more than two years, Henry Hess followed his brother to the tomb, a victim, though less rapidly, of the same malady, consumption. For two months he had the prospect of death constantly before him. Before his strength was entirely prostrated, he addressed a letter to his wife, (to be opened after his death,) in which he endeavoured to strengthen her Christian convictions, and gave her the most judicious advice respecting the education of their three children. Among his papers, the following passage was found, relating to Lavater:—"How shall I thank thee, O my God, for thy special goodness in giving me enlightened, upright friends? but especially how does my whole soul bless thee for my earliest, most faithful, and best friend, my soul's friend, my Lavater! To his superior talents and intelligence I owe it, that I have attained to the knowledge of many Divine truths; and by his friendly exhortations and enlightened example, I have been powerfully incited and strengthened as to what is good. And, besides him, thou gavest me a brother, whom I am now about to follow into eternity; whose

great intellectual powers, deep views, and sincere love of truth and virtue, have been an unspeakable blessing and advantage to me."

On the day preceding the funeral, Lavater thus pathetically lamented the loss of his friend: "Oh, my brother, how many delightful hours have I enjoyed with thee! how much good have I obtained from thee! and standing as I do by thy pale corpse, I may venture to say, how much good have I done to thee! Thy ear was ever open to the voice of truth; thy hunger was insatiable after everything that was beneficial for thy soul. Gentle as a lamb, humble as a servant, simple as a child, thou hearkenedst to every voice of instruction; and yet, frank as a man, reflective as a philosopher, true-hearted as a brother, thou judgedst the words and actions of thy friend. What weight had thy judgment with me, more than that of ten thousand persons! How elated I felt, as soon as thou saidst, 'Thou hast acted rightly!' how depressed when thou saidst, 'Lavater, thou hast erred!'

"Blessed, sacred hour, when I first saw thee, and became thy friend! I remember well how my heart beat, how my hand trembled, how I felt as if in Paradise, when, on a dark winter's evening, I first crossed the threshold of thy

house. Almost fifteen years I enjoyed the tenderest, most faithful, and disinterested friendship. But this is gone! For two days already thou hast not spoken to me; for two nights I have woke, and missed thee from among those whom my soul loveth. Only eight days ago, I gave thee my arm, and said, 'Come, behold the sun, and feel its warmth once more, whose presence fills earth and heaven with joy.' With an inexpressibly gentle smile thou saidst, 'I will;' and didst enjoy the beauty of that still Sunday evening. There thou sattest quietly, while feeling thyself not worthy of the sun, and saying that 'God is love,' and that He who made existence pleasant to the worm that crawled at thy feet, could not reject a repenting sinner for whom Christ died."

Lavater's experience confirmed him in the belief that God would never leave those who were capable of genuine friendship, without a true and faithful companion in their earthly pilgrimage. And in his case such a conviction was very salutary, as it tended to preserve him from that misanthropy which might have been produced by not a few instances, in the course of his life, of persons who, from being friends, or professedly such, became his enemies. In *proportion,* likewise, as he became a public

man, he needed a friend before whom he might think aloud, that is, lay open his thought and feelings without fear of being misunderstood, and submit them to impartial examination. He needed a friend who, without agreeing with him in every point, which no two independent minds ever did, would yet be in harmony with him in his leading principles and views. Such a friend Providence granted him in a young Zurich clergyman, exactly six years his junior, John Conrad Pfenninger, with whom his intimacy began not long before the death of Henry Hess, and continued for nearly twenty years. On the most essential points they were agreed; in subordinate matters they often differed widely, and their characters presented numerous points of contrast. Lavater treated his friends as he did himself, with strict impartiality, especially in reference to truth; he discerned whatever was good in them, noticed it distinctly, and valued it highly; but he also animadverted with the utmost frankness on whatever he saw blameable in their conduct, especially if there appeared any taint of insincerity. This plain dealing often repelled many, but Pfenninger never.

In the years 1770 and 1771, the canton of *Zurich* suffered from a great dearth; multi-

tudes of persons, on the point of starvation, flocked to the city to obtain relief. Lavater's house was always open, and though his personal resources were very limited, nothing could exceed his willingness to aid the destitute. Such was the confidence reposed in him, that many wealthy individuals made him their almoner; and those who had not money at command, sent their jewels and plate to be disposed of for the benefit of the necessitous. He felt most painfully his inability to meet all the cases of distress that came before him, and on one occasion exclaimed, "O God! why hast thou given me so much feeling and sympathy—so strong an impulse to help, and so little power! I cannot imagine a higher satisfaction than that which springs from harmony and proportion between the desire and the power to do good. If futurity does not give me this happiness, all the love I have accumulated here will be only a treasure of wrath—powerless love would constitute a hell."

Three years after the death of Henry Hess, Lavater lost his mother. On January 14th, 1773, her last hour was evidently at hand. "At noon," says Lavater, in his Journal, "the Antistes* came to see her, but she could not say

* *An ecclesiastical* superintendent of the Reformed Church.

much, though she seemed to understand every word he said. The great number of persons who were in her room seemed to annoy her; we therefore retired, and spent half an hour in serious conversation. We agreed in remarking, 'Of how little use we can be to dying people! How little can we say to them with the slightest hope of doing good, especially if we have no intimate knowledge of their character, and have not been used to hold confidential intercourse with them.' My friend P—— called to see my mother, but she did not know him; at least she said nothing; there she sat, half-alive, half-dead. Both P—— and T—— felt very sensibly the impossibility of producing any moral effect on a human being so ill, and suffering in such a manner. What such a person sees and hears makes almost as little impression as on a corpse." On the next day he writes, "Just after four, the servant came, and said she thought there would soon be a change. I got up in a hurry; my wife was much alarmed. I went and looked at her by whom God brought me into the world; her breathing was laborious, and her eyes dim. I implored God to have mercy on her. My eldest sister also prayed. I went to awaken *my father*, and thought how much more I

might have done for my mother than I had, and prayed more fervently. I leaned over her, and repeated to her, as distinctly as my weeping would allow, the most consoling promises of God. In half an hour she was a lifeless corpse. I cannot recollect what I said to those who were in the room, only I know that I endeavoured to impress them with their mortality and immortality."

"January 18. My mother was not at all disfigured; her lineaments were rather more beautiful and expressive than during her lifetime. I put my hand once more to her cold forehead. The coffin was now screwed down. I leaned against it, and blessed God, with tears, for all the good he had bestowed on me, through this mother, who is now at rest. Alas! how much more grateful might I have been! Do thou reward her, merciful God, and do what now I cannot do. Forgive me; she too has forgiven. This was my first thought; and the second—When will *my* coffin be screwed down? When shall my wife, and children, and friends stand round it? And what shall I be then?"

An extraordinary incident befell Lavater six months after his mother's death. He had gone *to Richtenschwyl*, a village situated towards the

other end of the lake, to visit one of his friends. His wife received a letter from him, dated the 18th of August, in which he expressed how much he enjoyed this little excursion. The next day, Mrs. Lavater, on entering her husband's study, was seized with a strange panic, from the apprehension that he was in extreme danger. So great was her uneasiness, that she went to tell her father-in-law, who tried to calm her mind, and in part succeeded; but on returning to the room, the panic again seized her; she threw herself on her knees, prayed, and wrung her hands, as if she had seen her husband's corpse. Now at this very time, Lavater was actually in imminent danger of losing his life. The boat in which he sailed was almost overset by one of those sudden gusts which are so frequent in the Swiss lakes. The two boatmen exclaimed that all was lost; a rock threatened to complete the catastrophe. Lavater, who was better able to cope with moral than with physical dangers, became agonized with alarm; he thought of his wife and children; he poured forth his soul in prayer, and was heard. The meeting with his wife on the following day can be better imagined than described.

A fact of this kind tended to strengthen in

Lavater's mind his belief in the efficacy of prayer, and his persuasion in the existence of mysterious affinities, and inexplicable sympathies, which connect us with a higher world, and with an order of things that probably will never be perfectly known in the present state. "From my earliest youth," he remarks in his journal, "till the present time, God has led me in one way. I was always timid and bold; foolish and fortunate; childish and strong; gentle and passionate; all to a very great degree; but God dealt very tenderly with me. My greatest faults were known only to myself, or to a few friends. God has ever brought the good I have done to light when I would fain have concealed it. He has accomplished my most secret wishes, when I least expected it. He has given what I have asked for with filial confidence."

CHAPTER VI.

LAVATER A PHYSIOGNOMIST.

LAVATER, when quite a young man, directed an observant eye to the forms of the human countenance. He remarked a striking agreement between the human spirit and its visible covering, and hence acquired a decided conviction, that the essential mental tendencies and character of man are indicated in his countenance, and in the whole bodily form, though most of all in the head. On every side Lavater met with a confirmation of his ideas. Great as the difference might be in the structure of the countenance, he found a difference equally great in the minds of men. In a short time he arrived at some results, which suggested the idea that it would be possible to find out certain rules, which might be arranged as systematically as any other branch of human knowledge.

The numberless opportunities he possessed of seeing men of all classes, and of acquiring by

actual close observation a knowledge of their mental tendencies and capabilities, contributed daily to strengthen his belief in the connexion of the outward with the inward. From the year 1770 to the end of his life, he was constantly collecting materials on this subject. His views were first made known in a small work, edited by his friend Dr. Zimmerman, and published at Leipzic, in 1772. "Physiognomy," he observes, "is the science of ascertaining the character (not the accidental fortunes) of men in the most extensive sense, from their exterior. The shades of the character of an individual cause corresponding shades in his exterior. Physiognomy marks all these shades, and, combining them together, determines the total character of the man. As far as it can merely know the character from the corresponding expression, it must be empirical; but so far as it points out the causes and grounds of it, and the immediate connexion between the expression and the character, it may be called theoretical or transcendental physiognomy. It has, therefore, two principal divisions, the historical and the philosophical. The latter will probably remain for a long time an object of investigation. If it were once attained, we

should then possess the key to all the depths of human nature.

"It is the common course of all human things, that their abuse, sooner or later, brings them into contempt. Nothing, perhaps, can be more abused than the branch of knowledge under our consideration. But this should not in the least deter us from examining its reality. Does not reason tell us that, in general, an exact correspondence exists between the soul and the body, the inward and the outward man? The numberless differences in the spiritual or inward part of man, must necessarily occasion differences in their material and outward part."

The abuse of a thing can never be a proof that it is not useful, or that it is essentially injurious; and the mistakes or false conclusions which even the most practised persons often make in a science, will not disprove its claims; otherwise even philosophy could be no science, since, to give only a single instance, it proves to one man the Divine existence, while, in the hands of another, it leads to atheism.

Lavater placed great reliance on the first impression made by any one's countenance upon him; and often declared that this had far less

frequently deceived him than his subsequent reasonings, if they differed from it. Of a number of instances, one which belongs to a period much later than this part of the narrative may be given.

One day, a stranger was announced. On his entering the room, Lavater's first impression was, "This man is a murderer." He repressed the thought, as evil and precipitate; and with his usual courtesy, entered into conversation. The stranger's refined understanding, his readiness of expression, and various knowledge, produced respect for his abilities, and Lavater endeavoured to banish the impression his presumed moral character had made upon him. The next day he was invited to meet him; but it was soon divulged that he was one of the persons implicated in the murder of the king of Sweden, and he was obliged to leave Zurich precipitately.

Lavater's name has been so intimately associated with physiognomy, that many persons probably will be surprised on learning that it was only a subordinate object of his attention, and that he used familiarly to call it "his pipe and tobacco." Religion, and the proper discharge of his duties as a Christian minister, *always occupied* the first place in his attention.

One proof of this is furnished by his numerous publications on religious subjects, which are all of a practical or devotional class.

In the spring of 1774, he lost his father, under whose roof he had lived ever since his marriage. One evening, on returning home from visiting his patients, Dr. Lavater put his gold-headed cane in the corner, and said, "Stand there—thou hast served me faithfully," little thinking, perhaps, that its master had made use of it for the last time; but so it was; that night he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, which in a few days proved fatal.

Lavater, from childhood, had been subject to a cough, which seemed the forerunner of consumption. To counteract the morbid symptoms, his friend, Dr. Zimmerman, recommended him to drink the waters of Ems. His reluctance to leave home was overcome by the hopes of being introduced to men of eminence, and of enlarging his stock of physiognomical observations. Accordingly, he set out on June 12, 1774, accompanied by Schmoll, a clever artist, whom he employed in drawing portraits for illustrating his "Physiognomical Fragments."

Besides several persons of superior note whom Lavater met with on his journey, he had the gratification, at Frankfort, of being introduced

to Goethe, then in his twenty-fifth year. "He read," said Lavater, "many passages to me from his papers, or rather poured them forth, in all the ardour of their first composition. His scenes are full of the most truthful human nature. He is an unequalled genius; he excels in whatever he undertakes."

Goethe and Lavater travelled together to Ems, and conversed freely on some of the most interesting topics in religion and literature. While at Ems, Lavater preached every sabbath to the visitors. Amidst all the social attractions of the place, for which he had so high a relish, he contrived to secure intervals for reflection and meditation. A single extract from his journal will evince the predominant influence of religion on his mind. "I awoke with a deep longing after Him who is indispensable to me—a longing with the overwhelming feeling that I am still far from Him. Oh that I had never spoken of God without faith, nor of Christ without feeling, nor of men whom I call friends without love! But the continual talking about these things makes us continual hypocrites."

Lavater, after visiting several of the German courts, where he was received with numerous marks of distinction and respect, reached home *about the* middle of August. In various ways,

he had derived considerable advantages from this journey. He had become acquainted with many men of eminence, increased his collection of portraits and physiognomical observations, formed many valuable intimacies, and improved his taste by studying many of the master-pieces of art.

"I met," he says in a letter to a friend, "with more excellent and estimable persons than I expected—not one perfect—yet not one only, but very many, who were striving after perfection, more than I had ventured, in my ignorance of the world, to hope for. I have found persons, both high and low, who really appeared to have an earnest longing to become better. They have often made me feel astonished and ashamed of myself; but their conduct has been a new and mighty stimulus to labour for myself and others; it has infused fresh courage and fresh life into me. O God, let these sparks, which thou hast kindled in my heart, become flames; and let these flames kindle a fire on earth that shall never be extinguished!

"My religion also has undergone many a trial. I remarked and heard objections which I never heard before, and never expected to hear. But, after every trial, I could say, Is

this all? Is it only this that can be objected to my religion? Is it thus that they elude the subject? O exalted Jesus, how firm is thy gospel! How indestructible thy life, and thy omnipotent Divine love!

"I have heard many complaints of the lamentable decline of religion, and this not from timid, short-sighted persons, without power or fortitude, but from men of strong minds; but I have also heard some very sensible persons say, that the labours of some clergymen to purify—that is, to impair—religion, are such as to place them below all Christians. They destroy humanity when they destroy Christianity, and rob Christians of Christ."

CHAPTER VII.

LITERARY LABOURS OF LAVATER.

LAVATER, finding it impossible to answer all his correspondents in a satisfactory manner, determined on printing, in a small volume, some of his thoughts, put in an epistolary form, and addressed to his friends. He wrote the name of each person to whom he sent the volume on a dedicatory page, and begged them to remember that these communications were not intended for the public; but he soon found that such precautions were useless. Ten years before his death, in 1790, he printed, on the same plan, his Hand-bibliothek für Freunde, Hand-Library for Friends, in twenty-four small volumes, containing a multitude of pieces in prose and verse, various in quality, but which are of use in forming an estimate of his literary and religious character.

The "Physiognomical Fragments" formed his chief literary engagement from 1775 to 1778. On this work, he corresponded largely

with Dr. Zimmerman, of Hanover, who had started a number of objections, which at last he saw reason to retract; and on the appearance of the first volume, expressed his approbation in the strongest terms.

In the summer of 1777, his friend Zollikofer paid him a visit. Lavater committed to writing the subject of many of their conversations; one was, the need of a Mediator, on which Lavater made the following observations :—

" Man needs a God corresponding with himself. He who has a mouth to speak, requires an ear to hear what he utters. He who needs something, whom something oppresses, requires a God who gives and relieves. He has no God, who has no giver and no helper. The God of the Bible, from one end to the other, is a giving and helping God. The history of the God of the Bible is, throughout, the history of a God acting according to his own good pleasure. The Scriptures contain less an abstract doctrine of God, than a matter-of-fact history of God—a God who is 'rich in mercy to all that call upon him.' Such was the God of the patriarchs—such was the God of Israel—such is the God of the Christians, or of all nations—CHRIST. In him, the Deity, who in himself is

inconceivable, and infinitely exalted above all human conceptions, has been humanified. In Christ, the Deity has become sensible, visible, accessible to our hearts."

Lavater accompanied Zollikofer on his return as far as Waldshut, just in time to see the emperor of Austria, Joseph II., who was travelling under the title of count. M. de Mechel, from Basle, who had heard of Lavater's arrival, found him out in the crowd, beckoned him to come up stairs, and at once introduced him to the emperor, who held with him a long conversation.

In reference to the publication of his great work, it may be observed, that Lavater was a bad calculator, and an indifferent economist; he understood nothing of the management of business; he deceived himself in the price affixed to his work, which he made as low as possible, and incurred the whole risk of publication, instead of entering into an arrangement with the booksellers, and consequently was always involved in pecuniary difficulties. He also incurred expenses in its preparation, which were out of all proportion to his means. The numerous engravings to illustrate it, were executed under his own eye, by the best artists;

and he employed besides a number of young portrait-painters, whose talents he wished to encourage.

He bestowed extraordinary pains on the French translation of his work, subjecting every word and line to a most careful revision. A bookseller offered him a considerable sum for the manuscript, and the original designs that were to accompany it; but he declined this advantageous proposal, from an apprehension that the engravings would not be properly executed, and, in part, from a regard to the interests of the young artists whom he patronized.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAVATER ELECTED DEACON OF ST. PETER'S.

In April, 1778, Lavater was chosen deacon of the parish of St. Peter, by a majority of 243 votes out of 871, though he had taken no steps to secure the election, and had even entreated his friends not to canvass for him.

A few months after his election, he commenced an exposition of the Apocalypse in his weekly lecture. While delivering this course, he composed and published a poem, in twenty-four cantos, entitled, "Jesus the Messiah; or, The Second Coming of the Lord," and a sacred drama, "Abraham and Isaac." The limits of this biography will not allow us to enumerate all Lavater's works, which extend to one hundred and thirty volumes of various sizes, beginning with a translation of the Psalms, in verse, published in 1763; and ending with a Manual of Devotion, written during his last sufferings in the year of his death.

From early life, it was a striking feature in Lavater's character, that he always overcame his constitutional timidity when prompted by a sense of duty, and decided conviction of truth. One of his favourite maxims was, "What must be done, because fidelity to truth, and an honest adherence to the good cause, demand it, if I know it will be done by no one else, by all means must be done by me, let it cost what it may." In such cases, the most friendly and earnest dissuasives, the most affectionate warning of the consequences, the harsh judgments and evil imputations to which his good intentions and designs would be exposed, were reckoned as nothing. In matters of duty, he never regarded consequences, but only what his position required of him.

This Christian straightforwardness was exemplified in his conduct respecting a work published by a member of the Consistory, Steinbart, under the title of "A System of Pure Philosophy, and the Christian Doctrine of Happiness."

"The book considered in itself," said Lavater, "what is it? Is it what it should be—the pure doctrine of happiness and no other? Is it Christianity as set forth by Christ and his apostles? Is it the complete, pure, genuine,

unadulterated doctrine of the gospel? I answer, as a free, unbiassed member of the literary, theological, and Christian public—whatever other merits the book may have—I answer, without any hesitation or fear of mistake, plainly and decidedly, No! It wants much that is essential and peculiar to Christianity. I hold it for nothing more nor less than a refined Deism, with some Christian colouring, and not the genuine apostolical religion of Christ. I look upon it as an unhappy attempt to reconcile modern philosophy with Christianity—a compromise with the men of our age, who feel a want of religion, but who partly are ignorant of purity, and are unbelievers in genuine evangelical Christianity —a compromise unworthy of a philosopher to whom truth, not an accommodation of truth, should be the first, the holiest, the only law— a compromise unworthy of a Christian teacher, who, as such, is by no means allowed to carve and mutilate the ancient, historically fixed, and recorded Christianity, according to the taste of the age, or of unbelievers, and weak believers, and sceptics."

In a speech delivered before the synod of Zurich, he thus expressed himself in reference to the same work :—

"Shall we not, under present circumstances, feel the importance of that striking expression, 'Without *me* ye can do nothing?' Shall we not survey the whole gospel afresh? Shall we not act as wise men, if amidst these new attacks upon our faith we contemplate the whole wide, fruitful field of God's revelations, from Abraham to the day of Pentecost, and from that period to our own times, as if we had never contemplated it before? Shall we not examine afresh its wonderful, indissoluble, historical connexion, for the confirmation of our own faith? No man, without positive instruction, without positive aid from a higher Power, can reach even a moderately elevated stage of humanity.

". . . . That Christ is the author of Christianity—that from him a great measure of light and Divine knowledge has spread over the Jewish and Gentile world—that his doctrine respecting God excels all others, and his moral precepts all other morality—that he was endowed with extraordinary powers, and was signally protected and favoured by the Divine Providence—all this forms no mere points of faith, but facts, which no Deist, no Tindal, no Lessing, has doubted or could doubt. Yet the *admission* of these truths does not constitute

men Christians. He who denies that Jesus is the Divine Messiah—that he is the Lord to whom every knee must bow, in heaven and on earth—who denies that he is the promised King of the world, who has all power in heaven and earth—who does not regard him as the principal object of our religion, the Son of God in the most exalted sense—who does not adore God in his person—does not expect renovation and immortality through him—does not believe that the Father has committed all judgment to him, the Son of man—who does not honour his person as the future Judge of the living and the dead—who does not regard him as the personage to whom the whole succession of Jewish prophets bore witness, that through his name whoever believed in him should receive forgiveness of sins—whoever disputes or conceals this, or treats it as a subordinate point, or views it as a mere yielding to Jewish prejudices on the part of the apostles, 'to the Jews becoming Jews,' but which is of no importance to us, either as not being truth for us, or truth which may be regarded with indifference—whoever does not honour the truths of Scripture, (those truths which have been honoured by all parties—not obscure metaphysical positions, but clear, practical

statements, suited to the wants of men,) as the fundamental principles of his Christian philosophy, his pure system, his doctrine of happiness—whatever terms of eulogy he may otherwise apply to Christ, he is, as far as I can judge, a falsifier and perverter of Christianity—an unbeliever in the gospel—a refined Deist.

"I renounce all pretensions to a sound understanding if the Pauline Christianity be the same as that of Steinbart, Teller, and Semler; and if these three are not nearer to Lessing's anti-Christianity than to the ancient apostolic Christianity—a Christianity which places an impassable gulf between Christ and Christianity, as existing now on earth—which regards all adoration of his person as foolishness, and all trust in him as enthusiasm. Such a Christianity, however speciously propounded is anti-Christianity. Let a man profess to be a Christian teacher and a defender of Christianity, while he says things which neither Paul nor John could have said, and conceal or rejects doctrines which appear in every page of the writings of Paul or John—I should renounce all pretensions to rationality if a man who so works and teaches deserved to be called a Christian, or received any other name than

that of an arbitrary perverter of Christianity, and an anti-Christian teacher."

The year 1783 was one of the happiest in Lavater's life. He often recounted the favours he received from the Divine goodness, during this period of diversified labours and domestic happiness. In this year, he published a work entitled, "Pontius Pilate; or, The Bible on a Reduced, and Man on an Enlarged Scale." He considered this as the most characteristic of all his writings. "It is," he says, "the impress of my mind and heart; a reflection or shadow of myself. Whoever hates this book, must hate me. Whoever loves it, must love me. Whoever half relishes it, can only half relish my mind and heart. He who is pleased with it throughout, must be a bosom friend."

"We can say little of Pontius Pilate without saying much of Jesus Christ—much of the suffering, dying, crucified Jesus Christ—the joy and the scorn of all ages, the bliss and terror of eternity. This I know, whoever loves Christ, to him the book will not be disagreeable. But the man to whom the name of Jesus is an offence and foolishness, it will be a thorn in his eye, a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence."

Lavater's estimate of this work appears to

have been well-founded; it was corroborated both by his friends and enemies; his characteristic excellences and defects as a writer are here very strikingly exhibited. A few extracts will probably be acceptable to the readers of this volume.

"Only he can enjoy an object, a being, a person, who has a taste for them. The more delicate, many-sided, compound, and yet simple, an object is, the more delicate must the sense be by means of which this object can be enjoyed in its diversity and simplicity. No palpable relation can exist between a very delicate object, and a very dull sense. The further two beings are from one another, the less capable are they of mutual enjoyment. The more fit for mutual enjoyment two living beings are, so much more similar, homogeneous, and conformable must they be. This is an universal, undeniable law of nature, which is at the furthest remove from anything arbitrary. I can never place myself in communication with a mite, as I would with a living man; and I can communicate most easily and freely with him who has the greatest taste for me, that is, who has the greatest resemblance to me—who is organized most like myself. The more we resemble *the Lord*, so much more shall we be

able to enjoy him; so much more freely will his personality act upon ours. We can only 'see him as he is,' when we are 'like him.' If this Scripture-philosophy be not true philosophy, there can be no philosophy. To see the Lord, and to be like the Lord, is therefore the same thing; it is also the same thing to be like the Lord, and to be supremely happy. How philosophically correct, therefore, is the Scripture phraseology, which calls the knowledge and beholding of God and Christ eternal life, heavenly blessedness," vol. iii. p. 61.

"'*Behold the Man!*' O thou Preacher of all preachers! Prophet of all prophets! King of all kings! Physician of all physicians! Crowned Head, as no other was ever crowned! What a text art thou for ten thousand sermons on man! Thou mysterious silent One, how deep, how loud thou speakest for ever to all human hearts! Lamb of God! Bearing and enduring, and propitiating for all human sins! There thou standest—no statue so silent; and yet speaking as no other speaker. Eternal Word of the Father! On Gabbatha! Where is thy like among men, and who is like thee among all the citizens of heaven?" vol. iv. p. 24.

"'Behold the Man!' In whom power, *wisdom*, and goodness, existed in the highest

harmony. A man whose whole nature was benevolence—benevolence accompanied by the highest wisdom. A man who could do whatever he willed, and willed nothing but what was good.

"'Behold the Man!' Who is human like Him? Who, like him, Lord of the spiritual world? Who, like him, Master of all the elements? Who, like him, the Image of the Eternal Father? Who, like him, the living Temple of the fulness of the Godhead? Who, like him, the Way—the Truth—the Resurrection—the Eternal Life? Who can say, as he did, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.'

"'Behold the Man!' What is there of good, and beautiful, and great, and admirable, to be commemorated in man, which does not show itself in Him? Ye ornaments of human nature, ye consecrated names, chiefs, heroes, philosophers, and saints, of all climes and ages, assemble around us, and let the light of your wisdom and virtue shine upon us. What are ye but scattered rays of this fountain of light; mere sparks compared with the Sun of righteousness and salvation? In benevolence you cannot be compared to Him, and the *noblest and most* modest among you attain not

to his humility. His whole being is rectitude, and his whole nature is pure love. . . . To deny the humanity of the Son of God, and the Divine sonship of the Son of man, is anti-Christianity. The same of whom it is testified, 'This is the true God and eternal life,' stood in the most palpable humanity on Gabbatha."

"The single Gospel of St. John contains ten times the number of sublime passages found in any ten productions of human genius, of past or present times. Gladly would I make everything I have written forgotten, if, by what I write, I could excite the right feeling for this incomparable monument, this inexhaustible treasury of Divine and human sublimity."

"A more simple, true, and pregnant expression I know not than this, 'He that hateth me hateth my Father also.' I would engrave this in glowing characters on the soul of every theist who professes respect for Christianity."

At the beginning of the year 1784, Lavater's health was seriously affected; he was almost worn out with an incessant cough; yet he continued his labours as usual, though to accomplish them he found it necessary to acquire the habit of writing in bed. He often went from his bed to the pulpit, and returned to it as soon as he reached home. The young people whom

it was part of his office to instruct in religion, often assembled round his bed, particularly those who were about to partake of the Lord's supper. He was also assiduous in visiting the sick, and, when unable to walk, was carried to their houses in a sedan.

As Lavater's engagements multiplied, it was impossible for him to make extracts from the books he read; but he always read with a pencil in his hand, and marked the most striking passages. A concise and sententious style pleased him most. In 1785, he was induced to write a small collection of sentences, or aphorisms, which he published under the title of "Solomon; or, Lessons of Wisdom." "I am not acquainted," he says in his preface, "with any such writing which, without being designed to touch expressly on specifically Christian or Biblical subjects, brings together what is most valuable in various nations and ages, whatever is most certain, useful, and instructive, in old and new books, manuscripts, and conversations. For myself, no reading is more useful than such thoughts. I am almost certain that this collection will be agreeable, instructive, and useful, to very many persons; and that not a single thought can be found in it offensive to any man."

Lavater, in writing to his friend Hess, says, "The sum of Christian faith, in my opinion is, all *of* God—all *through* Christ—all *for* salvation, for the highest perfection of man, his happiness, and restoration to God's likeness. According to the Scriptures, there is nothing, from the least to the greatest, in the visible or the invisible world, which does not proceed from God, depend upon him, and stand under his control; there is nothing which is not given to Christ for his possession, and subject to his management. His is every star, and every spark; the sun, and the mote in the sunbeam; and, in a peculiar sense, the earth, the human race, and especially those who are the firmest believers in him as the Heir of all things; the highest representative of Omnipotence, the prime instrument of eternal wisdom, the most living image of all vivifying love!

"Without the Logos, (Christ,) there is not anything of all that exists; therefore no power of humanity, whether known long ago, or lately discovered, or still to be discovered. The enlightened Christian connects everything with Christ; he deduces everything from one source, whatever men please to call natural or supernatural, ordinary or extraordinary.

"The life of man is a manifold unity of

powers which, taken altogether, make what we call—*Himself.* Every real, undeniable power of man belongs, in some way, to him. The understanding of the human mind is subject to God, to the government of Christ, as well as the human will; poetical talent, as much as eloquence; medical skill, as well as surgical; mathematical science, as well as the so-called magnetical. Everything or nothing is of God, through Christ; everything or nothing, mediately or immediately, for the welfare of men. All that enlivens and gladdens, and relieves from suffering, as such, is good; as far as it is willed, it is morally good or virtuous; as far as it has for its object the welfare of man, it is human; as far as it is derived from God, or is done for his sake, it is religious; as far as Christ is regarded as co-operating with it, or influencing it, it is Christian.

"He understands neither Christ nor Chris tianity, to whom it appears absurd to connect religion with the commonest human action—to eat and drink in the name of Christ."

CHAPTER IX.

LAVATER IS INVITED TO BREMEN, BUT DETERMINES ON STAYING AT ZURICH.

In the year 1786, Lavater was invited to a vacancy in one of the churches at Bremen, by the consistory, and a large body of the parishioners. On the Sunday after he had received this call, he announced to the congregation, at the close of the service, "My first thought," he said, "in reference to this proposal, was, 'Lord, teach me to do thy will; thy Spirit is good; lead me in a plain path.' I only ask you to unite your prayers with mine, that God may guide my heart according to his will. And what I now say is, that neither the private wishes of my friends, nor of the congregation at St. Peter's, nor of that at Bremen, which henceforward I must regard as in sisterly connexion with this, can or ought to determine me. I shall not forget what I owe to my friends, to this ever-to-be-remembered congregation, who *have given* me so many proofs of their confi-

dence and love, and to the congregation at Bremen, who have so honoured me by their call. But I cannot, and will not, forget the reverence I owe to the Divine Providence that watches over me. You know it has always been an invariable principle with me to follow the Divine call, nor will anything ever induce me to swerve from it."

The members of the consistory of St. Peter's expressed themselves so strongly in favour of Lavater's remaining at Zurich, that he could not hesitate to comply with the wishes of his friends, and announced his determination, after delivering a discourse on Rom. i. 11, ("I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established.") He concluded with saying, "It is a heart-stirring and noble employment for a teacher to impart to a Christian congregation some spiritual gift. This joy will afresh be mine amongst you; since I came to the resolution, last evening, that the pressing and repeated request of the congregation of Bremen should yield to the still more pressing request of the congregation here. My mind is now perfectly at rest, since I have resolved to live and die with you. Yes, it is my renewed desire to impart to you spiritual *gifts* for the strengthening of your faith,

I would begin with fresh zeal my services among you. It ought not to be in vain that you have wished me to remain with you; and if it please God, no one shall repent having asked me, nor shall I repent spending my days among you, and publishing to you the gospel of Jesus. May I never introduce a child into the church by holy baptism, nor distribute among you the holy signs and pledges of the love of Jesus, nor see before me an assembly of children either in the church or the school-room, nor prepare young persons for the holy supper, nor visit a sick bed, nor enter the pulpit, without the earnest resolution to impart to you all some spiritual gift, and to strengthen you according to your necessities! May my deeds be as my words, and my words as my heart! May I meet no one without thinking how I may perhaps contribute something towards making him wiser, better, more spiritual, and happier!

"O God, for this purpose endue me with fresh strength! Stand by me, that I may not wander from the path along which thou hast led me wonderfully, and with a father's care, from my early youth to this hour. Lord, I pray unto thee, and adore thy goodness; forsake me not in my later years. Thou art my confidence for ever and ever."

In the summer, Lavater took his son to Göttingen, to prosecute his medical studies. He also visited Bremen, where he met with the most flattering reception from all classes. Wherever he went, he was followed by multitudes, who wished to see a person of whom they had heard so much; many sick persons sent for him; and when he preached, the church was so thronged, that a guard was employed to make a passage for him to the pulpit.

On his return home, he composed and published one of his most valuable works, entitled "Nathaniel; or, The Divinity of Christianity certain, though not to be proved; designed for Nathaniels, that is, for men with a straightforward, calm, honest sense of truth."

About this time, the inhabitants of Zurich and its neighbourhood were much alarmed by pretended prophecies of an earthquake, which it was first given out would happen on the 22nd of February, 1780; and when that had not been verified, the same day of the same month in 1786 was fixed upon for the dreaded event. In the January of the latter year, Lavater delivered a discourse, expressly intended to calm the fears of his audience, by considerations founded on the dictates of reason *and the principles* of true religion.

"In all quarters," he remarked, "I hear conversations, narratives, assertions, and opinions. Town's-people and country-folk of every class, even children in the schools and in the streets, talk of nothing but the earthquake, and thus a multitude of persons are agitated and terrified. It appears to me, therefore, suitable to my office as a public teacher, affectionately to instruct a Christian congregation respecting a matter so important, and which has so powerfully affected the public mind.

"First of all, I would show the very great improbability, or rather, I might say, the complete groundlessness of the prediction of an unexampled earthquake, which has made such a noise.

" . . . . Every prediction of this kind must rest on one of the four following grounds: on the immediate, certain, demonstrable principles of natural philosophy; or on grounds of reason and probabilities, founded on resemblances and analogies; or on clear passages of holy writ, which we regard as the oracles of God; or on a new, positive, unquestionable revelation. On no one of all these, the only possible grounds, does the prediction, which has been so astonishingly credited, rest. It is true I am no *natural* philosopher, and I have never yet

known a person who has discovered a law of nature, according to which a revolution, such as has been foretold, could be brought to pass; but I know that the most experienced astronomers consider the grounds on which this announcement rests, to be unsound, arbitrary, and even absurd. As little is it founded on reason, or on the conclusions which are drawn from the analogy of the relations of things to one another. We can often infer from the past respecting the future. We can also, without clearly seeing the proper grounds, say what has often happened will probably happen again. But even in drawing this conclusion, extreme caution is necessary, in order to distinguish what is accidental from what is founded on general laws. But the author of this prediction has never made use even of this doubtful method of proof.

"But perhaps he founds his prediction on holy writ. By no means. He has not quoted, or alluded to, one single passage of Scripture. He never speaks as a theologian. And if he had appealed to Scripture, how much would still be wanting to make out the proof! What caution would be necessary, in order to ascertain whether the passages quoted meant exactly *what he asserted*—whether they referred to the

precise places and time which he imagined. A person's acquaintance with the Scriptures must be very slight, who could suppose that they contained prophecies of this kind. But he does not produce a single passage—therefore one ground of support entirely fails.

"But perhaps he grounds it on a new revelation made to himself, or made to another, and then communicated to him. No; of this he does not say one word, and if he had said it, judge, my intelligent hearers, what serious, strict examination would have been requisite. What right or probability, what reason or credibility, would there have been for his assertion? But he says no such thing. He speaks, at least in certain pamphlets which he circulated, of a book as his source of information; but no one knows the book, and what he says, or seems to say, of it, cannot be thought of the least weight by persons of any reflection, for sometimes he seems to confound it with the name of a star, sometimes with a secret method of calculation, sometimes with the names of fabulous persons.

"I therefore cannot allow my own heart, or the hearts of my beloved hearers, to entertain the least apprehension for the destruction of *our fatherland*, on account of this writing. You

will find no grounds, not a single one, which can be reckoned such by any enlightened person. The supposition is altogether gratuitous. You will find no trace of a call to repentance and conversion, or to Christian preparation for death; and yet it proceeds from a Christian preacher, who is held in repute for probity and piety. How strangely must he have forgotten the main object for which he should have made this disclosure! And the heartlessness that prevails in his announcement, the want of intelligence, sense, and humanity, which is so striking, is, to me, another weighty ground for believing that the author could not have been in his sound senses. The death of an insect, the treading on a worm, could not be regarded with more indifference, insensibility, and coldness, than he treats the most dreadful of all events, which would have brought utter ruin on thousands. The best apology that can be made for him is, that an infirmity, a cloud must have rested on his reason and heart, when he foretold the most awful fate of so considerable a part of Europe with unheard-of coldness. Therefore, once more, in my judgment, no reflective person need indulge the least fear on account of this prediction.

"*Religion* helps us in danger, or out of

danger. A religion which neither helps nor strengthens is not religion, but an empty sound, a word without meaning. Religion and faith in God must either rescue us where nothing else can, or strengthen us where nothing else can. As surely as religion is a reality, so surely must a striking difference exist between the man who honours God and the man who honours him not; between the man who knows him, and has communication with him as a father, and the man to whom he is as a stranger. Nothing but truth can beneficially alarm us; nothing but truth can beneficially encourage us. An alteration in our disposition, and renovation of heart, form the only preventives against all fears, whether real or imaginary. Wisdom must guide us—conscientiousness strengthen us; religion must give us courage; and a childlike spirit must never leave us."

At the close of the year, the aged minister of St. Peter's died. Lavater was unanimously chosen to be his successor, and his friend Pfenninger was made deacon in his stead.

The first time he addressed his new charge, he said, "I will not promise much. It is an easy thing for a heart full of kindly feeling to *make liberal* promises on a solemn occasion

like the present. But who can be sufficiently careful and cautious in making serious and sacred promises? What preacher has offered little enough on entering his office, to be able to fulfil what, from the impulse of kind feeling, he promised at the time with sincerity? Instead of making large promises and raising high expectations, we would rather exhort, encourage, and strengthen you." Then, addressing his friend, the newly-elected deacon, he said, "To-day, my brother Pfenninger, will you enter on the important deaconship that has been intrusted to you by this congregation; to-day, for the first time, you will present yourself to your assembled flock. May your first words be full of power and of grace! May the Lord be at your right hand, and may his Holy Spirit lead you in a right path! Humble, but not desponding, serious, but not anxious, receive from God's hand the joyful though responsible office with which you have been invested. Courage, beloved brother! Fear not; only believe! He who has helped you in the service of the Orphan-house, will also help you here; and that you may be strong and joyful in believing, reflect on what God has already done by you—receive it as a pledge of what he *will do; read* and examine daily in the Holy Scrip-

tures, which can never be read with suitable reflection and simplicity of heart without our becoming more believing, more trustful, more devout. Let no day pass without heartfelt, definite, and emphatic prayer for yourself and this congregation, and me.

"Be daily less confident in yourself, and more confident in God and Christ. Take more pains with yourself than with any member of your congregation. You labour for the benefit of thousands when you are labouring for yourself. The more you seek to become pure and holy yourself, the greater will be your influence for good on those who hear you. . . . Go not back yourself, and suffer not me to go back. Make visible advance, and encourage me, by word and example, daily to advance along with you. Let us be patterns to one another, to lead one another from knowledge to knowledge, from truth to truth, from grace to grace! Let us be eye, and hand, and foot, to one another! Let us warn one another as brethren, at the right time, and without fear. Let us pray one for another, and both with one mouth and heart for the congregation. Thus let us help, encourage, exhort, strengthen, consider one another; thus, hand in hand, and shoulder to shoulder, as one heart and one soul, before the

Lord and in the Lord, let us pursue and accomplish our course, delightful as it is, though not free from thorns; that God in heaven, and all good men on earth, and especially our congregation, may rejoice every day in our teaching and exhortation, in our faith and our hope.

"Far be it from our thoughts that this congregation should ever repent, if we, who have been already united in one church, should continue united here again to the end of our lives. Let us always be united in one great, eternal object! Let us work together as much as we can; let us bear as much as is laid upon us, and endure what is to be endured! Great is our field of labour; but the Lord has assigned it to us, and he puts the seed into our hands, and will give us willingness and power to sow it in hope. We are weak, but there is One whose strength will be perfected in our weakness. If we forsake him not, he will not forsake us. If we honour him, he will honour us. 'To him that hath shall be given.' 'He that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully.' Forget not the harvest during the sowing, nor suffer me to forget it. Is the labour beyond measure? —so will be the reward. Only let the future *be present to us.* Only let the Lord be at our

right hand. Only let us never forget the day of account. Only let us keep in view the reappearance of these immortal souls before Him, who will bring together all the separated. Only let us think of the joy of angels, the approbation of the Judge of the world, the welfare of the elect, the salvation of those for whom Christ died!"

In the summer of 1787, Lavater was visited by many persons from distant parts; among others, by the late duke of Kent, the father of queen Victoria, who conveyed a request from his mother for an autograph specimen of Lavater's composition, and gave him as the subject "The Human Heart." Lavater, in consequence, wrote a short poem, and dedicated it to queen Charlotte. The duke, in return, presented him with a watch, which he wore to the end of his life, and bequeathed to his son.

In the same year, Lavater published and sold, for the benefit of the poor, a little work, entitled "Promiscuous Unphysiognomical Rules for the Knowledge of Oneself and Mankind." The following extracts will give some notion of its contents:—

"As are the media of self-enjoyment—as are the objects of his love—so is the worth, the character of the existence, the sort of being, of

the man. As his *Thou*, so is his *I*. Learn what a man's *Thou* is, and you know his *I*.

"A man is to be known by his pains and pleasures. What interests him? As his interest, so is his God; as his God, so is his *self*.

"He who cannot renounce many a desire, has not the genuine power of man—that in which his true kingly greatness consists. The power to will aright—the concentrated result of all the human powers—is the will that is produced by the painful renunciation of many desires.

"Where there is humility and love, even amidst great imperfection of religious knowledge, there is the essence of true religion. A humble man is formed for prayer; a loving man for communion with eternal love.

"As a man loves, so he lives. All the genuine life of man is love. Love is the tendency to receive, and to give without thinking of oneself. Thou livest only as thou lovest.

"You do not half know yourselves, if you only know what you so easily sacrifice, surrender, and throw away in certain critical moments. That which a man never regrets, never loses, and for which he sacrifices everything, when he acts quite voluntarily and *unobserved, that* is the kernel of the soul, the

key of his whole character. Write down only for three days, not what thou doest, but what thou fanciest when thou art alone, and thou wilt know thyself, either to be shocked or to be enraptured."

In 1788, he published his "*Hand Bible for the Afflicted.*" He had often remarked, that when he recommended persons to strengthen and edify themselves by reading the Bible, they told him that they were seldom competent, to make the suitable application to their own case; that they had far more enjoyment of Scripture when a kind of practical improvement was set before them. This want he endeavoured to supply by means of this manual. The passages were arranged, not according to the subjects, but alphabetically, an order which best suited his own recollection of them. The following is a specimen:—

"Psalm lxxiii. 25. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.' Elevated thought of an elevated man! He must have known God who first uttered this sentiment; and he who can repeat it after him with truth, is elevated too, and highly favoured. To have God—to be certainly God's—to venture to depend on a living, personal Omnipotence and Love, more

than on oneself; this is religion, truth, salvation—the heaven of heavens, and heaven upon earth. With this faith we can endure all things, and suffer the loss of all things. He who knows God finds no language more natural; and he who knows him not finds none more unnatural. Oh that we knew Thee, thou who alone art worthy to be known; eternal life would then be in us!"

In 1789, Lavater lost his mother-in-law, at the advanced age of eighty-five. On the day after her death, his son Henry returned home from London, where he had been pursuing his medical studies. There were so many eminent physicians at this time in Zurich, that a young practitioner would have had little hope of success had he commenced alone. It was therefore very satisfactory to Lavater that Dr. Hotze, a physician of many years' standing, was willing to take Henry Lavater into partnership with him. This event was soon after followed by his marriage, at which his father officiated. Notwithstanding the satisfaction arising from these domestic arrangements, the year 1789 was, perhaps, a period of as great mental suffering to Lavater, as the last year of his life was of bodily pain. On the *cause of this* disquietude his biographer is

silent, or, at least, only throws out some very obscure hints, which it would be mere guess-work to interpret.

For some years, Lavater had been in the habit of carrying a little case of cards in his pocket, on which he wrote down any striking thoughts that occurred to him, and always in hexameters, a measure in which he composed most easily. He generally wrote about fifty in a day, very often before breakfast; he also made use of his leisure moments for that purpose, either while walking, or at public meetings, during the intervals when he was not otherwise engaged. Each case held about fifty of these cards, and thirty-six of these cases were deposited in a larger case. Towards the close of his life, the collection filled nearly sixty quarto cases, which he called his "Thought-Library."

In the year 1790, Lavater published a selection from the letters that he had actually addressed to his friends, as a large portion of his correspondence was occupied with the discussion of theological and moral topics, or points of casuistry on which his opinion had been sought; and the same questions were often proposed by different parties who were

wholly unknown to one another. He hoped by means of this publication to lessen the demands on his time for correspondence, without contracting his sphere of usefulness. It might be expected that such a work would furnish many illustrations of the writer's personal characteristics. We may instance one paper, relating to the best methods of controlling anger. On this subject Lavater, who was constitutionally of a warm and hasty temper, gives the results of his own experience :—

"First," he asks, "what is gained by it? Can there be a more rational question for a rational being? Can it be a hard matter to him who is wont, on all other occasions, to propose this question to himself, to propose it in reference to his anger? To act without an object is folly; to be angry, therefore, without an object, cannot be wisdom.

"2. Why should we be so angry with ourselves after we have been angry with others? We perceive the want of an object in our anger—the destruction of our mind—the folly of our passion. Is it wise to prepare dissatisfaction with ourselves—displeasure at our own folly?

"3. There is nothing by which we more *lower ourselves* than by thus exciting our own

blood. We make ourselves, to every one who sees and hears us, not only terrible, but despicable. We not only gain nothing, but lose everything.

"4. To frighten others is no desirable accomplishment. To take pleasure in alarming, shows an evil, unloving heart, incapable of friendship. Do we wish to make ourselves objects of dread, and to be looked upon as severe and evil?

"5. Of the effects of anger on health, I say nothing. Everything I could say has been said ten thousand times. . . . . But the internal distraction—the unstringing of the mind—the contradictions in our nature of which it makes us vividly conscious—the liability of our being obliged by obstinacy and self-love to maintain, when we are cooled down, what escaped us without reflection, and involuntarily in wrath flaming like lightning—oh, my friend, if we reflected more on these things before we were angry, how much less should we indulge in anger!

"6. A bullet from a pistol, how quickly shot off against the tapestry; the report dies away; the smoke vanishes; the tapestry is torn; the bullet remains in the wall, forgotten, and yet not forgotten. Simple and true image of the

words, quick as lightning, of unreasonable and unloving wrath! In many cases, no length of time can heal the wounds of a moment; no stream of eloquence can carry off a drop of the deadly poison which has corroded a tender heart.

"7. We never get angry without lowering ourselves in our own eyes, and laying ourselves open to others, if our anger is not well-founded. We deprive ourselves of respect, and of the power of influencing others beneficially.

"8. We waste a beautiful, noble, manly power, which was given us for our protection, if we dissipate it in objectless, heartless anger.

"9. An angry person who repents of his anger has certainly been angry unjustly and unwisely. Happy the man who, before he is angry, can determine the bounds of his wrath which he dare not transgress. Only such a person can lay valid claim to sound wisdom; and properly to possess true wisdom, can that be unimportant?

"10. To flatter after one has been angry, in order to regain or make compensation for what we have lost by over-hasty anger, is an expedient equally unwise and degrading; and yet this unwise and unworthy expedient is often *the only* one which is left to us when the sense

of our injustice is to be lessened in the mind of another.

"Let this suffice. Read twice a week these ten remarks, the laying of which to heart may preserve you as certainly from anger as they have already, many a time, preserved me."

In 1790, Lavater also formed the plan of his "Hand-Library for Friends," of which six small volumes were printed annually, for four successive years. They were not published, but presented to his friends, with the name of each written at the beginning. Among other pieces in this collection is one called "Thoughts on Travelling."

"I talk as confidentially with you," he says, addressing the supposed traveller, "as a brother with a brother or a sister. If you are not worthy of this confidence, so much the worse for you.

"Confidence is the soul of life. Abuse of innocent, entire confidence, is a murder of the soul of life.

"A worldling, perhaps, who reads this will smile, and say, 'Good-natured enthusiast!—no experience will make him knowing.' But what have I to do here with the knowing worldling? Go seven steps from my body—

mere knowing worldling—and seventy times seven from the recesses of my soul!

"To travel rationally—what is it? To travel in order that we may every day become more pleased with humanity, on account of the wise, noble, and good men with whom we become acquainted—to travel, that every day we may become more delighted with nature, the queen of all that is good and beautiful—to travel, in order to make our existence more joyful—this is to travel wisely. To find new points of comparison for everything we have seen, or shall see; for everything we have heard, and shall hear; for everything we have enjoyed, and shall enjoy—this is to travel wisely.

"Travels are, indeed, to most mortals, mere pilgrimages of selfishness to selfishness. As nothing is more despicable and ridiculous than a travelling, self-important, boastful egotist, so nothing is more worthy of veneration, and more generally welcomed, than a modest, unassuming traveller.

"The art or natural gift, *how to observe*, is very rare among those who possess the art or natural gift of letting themselves be seen. In proportion as you wish to be seen, you will want the gift of seeing. In proportion as you *wish to* be heard, you will want the gift—I

should rather say the grace—to hear. To forget yourself to the utmost, is the way to have the greatest inward enjoyment.

"Many very wise men do not half understand how to travel. They are only wise on a certain spot, in their studies, in their undress, at their desk. They put off their wisdom with their morning-gown; they leave their acuteness at their desks, their sagacity in their study. He who can travel wisely, is very wise. Only he who is wise in all places, is rightly wise.

"A traveller who has no definite object, places himself and all those who have a definite object in a state of embarrassment. Combine with this definiteness, the utmost freedom in the means, and you will never act unwisely; you will never travel altogether without advantage.

"To see correctly, clearly, and precisely, is at once the easiest and the hardest thing. To him who can do it, it is no art at all—it is his nature. He is rightly constituted; he sees straight before him, and cannot do otherwise; it would be to such a man the most difficult act to see obliquely. But, for a man who is formed awry, it is difficult—impossible—to see straight. Avoid such an one. Do not listen to him—the important exhibiter of unimportant

minutiæ, who would make an Apollo's head forgotten, by being very eloquent on a freckle.

"By nothing can you show more honour to the wise and good, than by drawing that advantage from him which only *you* can draw only from *him*. I have often been astonished at the thoughtlessness and folly of travellers, whom I have taken to be scholars, artists, thinkers, Christians—how little they know how to make use of them—to remark what is peculiar to them, wherein lies their *forte*, to draw it out, to examine, to enjoy it. Eternalize the quickly passing day of thy pilgrimage."

In the year 1791, Lavater was invited by the duchess of Montbeilliard, to visit her occasionally in the capacity of chaplain. In February, he took a journey for this purpose, accompanied by his daughter Annette. On the first Sunday after his arrival, he delivered a discourse on the words of Christ, "Learn of me." The following were some of the leading thoughts:

"'Learn of me.' Charming voice of simplicity and love! Yes, thou hast a right thus to call to men, who need light, and are eager for instruction. Learn of me—thou super-eminently wise, never-deceiving, never-in-error thyself, never unwise, always good, most *godlike*. Thou teachest the lost wandering

children of thy Father, nothing but what thou hast heard of him, and what is calculated to make them wiser and better. Thou teachest them to know and adore the Father Almighty. Thou expellest fear and mistrust from the hearts of the weak, the ignorant, and the erring. Thou exhibitest Him as providing for all, as noticing the least, as the Giver of all good gifts, as indulgent to the weak, and as the All-merciful Forgiver of all sins—as Omnipotent Love! 'Learn of me!'—a child-like mind—simplicity, truth, love, humility, gentleness, patience, reconcilableness—fidelity in your calling—unwearied zeal in goodness—unlimited philanthropy! 'Learn of me!'—the work, the powers, the destiny of man—his relation to the invisible Almighty—his hopes, his expectations, his prospects. 'Learn of me'—to know the only Being who is indispensable to you, and who can enable you to dispense with all other things—the only Being in whose imitation and fellowship, genuine, pure, eternal, Divine enjoyment is possible. 'Learn of me'—the vanity, the unworthiness, the nothingness of all earthly, temporal goods, honours, and joys; and learn to seek and find eternal, Divine, spiritual joys. 'Learn of me'—to pray, to suffer, and to die.

"One is and should be your teacher, your pattern, your constant aim—the Son of the Eternal—the Image of the Invisible—the second Adam or progenitor of the human race—the King of nature—the Chieftain of all spirits—the Head of humanity—the all-knowing Wisdom—the all-vivifying Love!"

During his visit, Lavater held many conversations on religious subjects with the duchess herself, or the members of her household. On one occasion, he made the following remarks on the peculiarities of Christianity:—"Whatever destroys its individuality, destroys its character. Christianity, without Christ, is religion without God, a kingdom without a king, a portrait like a man generally, and no individual in particular. The Christian religion is applicable in every point to human life. It must not be excluded from anything that man does, or suffers, or enjoys. It must sanctify, ennoble, spiritualize everything; make man in all respects joyful and free, capable both of giving and receiving happiness."

"We further conversed," says Lavater, "on the obligation of openly avowing Christianity. When so many attacks are made on it—when so much contempt is thrown on this cause that *claims the* profoundest veneration, it appears

to be doubly a duty to declare oneself decidedly in favour of it, and not allow the slightest doubt to remain as to what side we belong. The Christian who is ashamed to profess his Christianity, renounces both its duties and its privileges.

"Nothing is more injurious than the method of representing Christianity as a painfully legal, burdensome system for men, since it is the most joyful thing in the world. The gospel, or glad tidings, and the doctrine of Christ, are equivalent expressions. . . . . It is also to be lamented that Christianity is not presented in its relation to the wants of human nature. It ought to be regarded as an antidote to human weaknesses, and a means of satisfying wants which nature cannot satisfy."

On the Sunday before his departure, he administered the Lord's supper, and gave an address to the communicants. "May you come on this occasion," he said, "with sincere hearts, seeking for strength, grace, and fresh life! May you come as bowed down, humble, and heavy laden, with no vain thoughts of your own merits! You have examined yourselves and your Christianity, and have discovered with humble shame your immense distance from your great example. You have prostrated yourselves *before God, but* not with utter dejection. You

have directed your looks, first on your own hearts, and then on Christ, whom we commend to you, as the most humane and sympathizing Mediator. You come hither for the purpose of drawing near to Him at this hour. You come, oppressed with weariness, in order to find rest. You come to take his yoke upon you, with humility, and yet with confidence. You come, not to find an opiate for your levity, or a covert for your sins. You come to arm yourselves against sin, and to strengthen yourselves against your corruptions. You come to humble yourselves before the all-holy One, and to draw courage and strength from the all-merciful One—to find consolation such as you have never yet found, and joy such as you will in vain look for elsewhere. . . . . Join with me in prayer, and lift up your hearts to Him who is eternal love.

". . . . We have celebrated the memorial of our Lord's death, according to his institution, in brotherly love, with childlike simplicity, and devout humility. Have we not afresh entered into a nearer connexion with the King of humanity? As we have united ourselves with the pledges of His sacrifice for us, by partaking of them corporeally, so our spirits and hearts are united with himself, the glorified Son of

God and Son of man. We are also united afresh in spirit with all those who bear His name, and call upon him with us, as the Lord and God of humanity. Thus have we—before Him, who knows our hearts better than we know them ourselves, and who is in the midst of those who assemble in his name—thus have we renewed the vow, no longer to live unto ourselves, but to live for Him who lived for us more than we can possibly live for him ; who died for us, as we can never die for him ; who will live eternally for us. . . . .

" Oh that we may not soon forget Him—Him who can never forget us ; Him, without whom our hearts can find no rest—Him, from whose heart nothing but love—from whose lips nothing but truth—from whose looks nothing but kindness and grace, can flow ! Henceforth let our looks be directed more to him ; let us be more occupied with him. When we think, let us think more of him. When we speak, let us speak more of him, and as in his presence. When we endure, let us meditate more deeply on his patience and his cross. When we pray, let us lay our wishes and our wants at his feet more trustfully. When we give, let us think more of the great Giver and the generous

Rewarder. When we have occasion to exercise forgiveness, let us think more on the noblest, the Divine example of forgiving love.

"Let us meet with fresh joy and hope our own death, on account of His death and eternity, on account of his resurrection. Every one of us —the best, the most pious, the humblest, the purest—has something to renounce at the cross of the Lord. Let each renounce what becomes not the worshipper and disciple of the Crucified. Every one of us ought to take something away from the feast—something which he had not before its celebration."

On his way home, Lavater made a short stay at Basle, and availed himself of the opportunity of examining many fine works of art. In reference to these, he remarks in his journal, "We may know all the masters, the strokes and retouches of their pencil, without the least feeling of the beautiful; so a man may be a most eminent critic on the New Testament, without having tasted a drop of the water of life."

In 1792, Lavater lost his most intimate friend and associate, Pfenninger, after a confidential intercourse of thirty years. "Yes, thou hast lived," said Lavater, in his funeral sermon, "what may properly be called a life. In the *four-and-forty* years of thy life, thou hast

laboured more than many of eighty years old. And, as thy labours in the Lord have been, so will be thy rest in the Lord. Thou hast borne burdens which all the world knew, and burdens which not even thy most intimate friends knew. Thy repose will be inexpressible. Yes; blessed are the dead that die in the Lord! Thou diedst in the faith, the love, and adoration of the Lord. Yes; at this moment, while I, separated from thee, testify of thee, and mourn for thee with a pensive faith in the mystery of God's ways, thou art enjoying thy rest—that rest of inconceivable delight. May I, by the death of my best loved and most confidential friend, be awakened to fresh courage in virtue, to fresh earnestness in piety, fresh zeal in Christianity, fresh striving after the salvation of souls, fresh hopes of the new life! Oh, the prospect of that life!—how lovely art thou to the weary wanderer in the vale of night and death! Oh, the thought of again finding our beloved One—of seeing the separated One! What an invigorating, joyful incentive to persevere till He comes who will come, and whose great object is, to bring together all the scattered and separated children of God! O hour of rest! thou also wilt not fail me, if I continue to labour and fight, until, exhausted and weary to death

with earth's burden, I hear a voice saying, 'Enough! enough!'"

Pfenninger died without having made any provision for his numerous family; but Lavater undertook to act as their guardian. He published a small pamphlet for their benefit, entitled, "A Few Words on Pfenninger," containing many letters from eminent persons, addressed either to Lavater or his friend's widow, relative to his character and worth. The undertaking might truly be termed "a work of faith and a labour of love." But the blessing of Heaven rested upon it. The liberality of many of the creditors, and the friendship of other persons, enabled Lavater to make a suitable provision for the bereaved family.

Lavater, for several years, had kept up a correspondence, chiefly on religious topics, with some excellent individuals at Copenhagen, who had repeatedly urged him to visit them. This invitation, which various circumstances had hitherto prevented his accepting, was renewed in 1792, by count Bernstorff, the Danish prime-minister, with the offer of defraying all the expenses. Accordingly, having made arrangements for the discharge of his parochial duties during his absence, he set off on May 20th, *1793, in company* with his eldest daughter,

Annette. Before leaving home, he penned the following hints for the regulation of his conduct during the journey:—

" 1. To turn to the best account whatever is individual and peculiar in all the places and persons I may see.

" 2. In all places, and on all occasions, wherever it is possible, let me say something useful, something by which I may leave behind an agreeable recollection of myself.

" 3. To sacrifice everything to the main object of my journey, or, at least, to deviate from it as little as possible.

" 4. Very rarely, or not at all, to speak of physiognomy,* as little as possible of France,† and to confine myself always to general principles.

" 5. To speak evil of no man whom I do not thoroughly know, and of every man as much good as possible.

" 6. To seize all opportunities of cherishing and spreading the spirit of true toleration.

" 7. To seek out the best, most upright, enlightened, unprejudiced philosophers and Christians, and Christian teachers, in order to obtain from them instruction and strengthening.

* Probably because it was a favourite topic, and therefore he might give it too much importance.

† The position of that country having then become threatening.

" 8. To weigh all my words most accurately, and not to give occasion for the least painful misunderstanding.

" 9. To make use of every moment, and especially to leave no place where I may sojourn, without having learned something useful."

Referring to some narrow-minded professors of religion, whom he met with on his journey, he remarks : " There is a kind of sombre piety, which certainly I would not offend ; it has something holy in it which commands my reverence ; but yet it is so uncongenial with my individual taste, which loves light and clearness, mental pleasure, joyfulness, and freedom, distinct knowledge, and clear ideas, that I am obliged to muster all my patience and Christian love, in order to conceal my repugnance. The piety I mean is that which dreads stepping out of a certain circle of notions, forms, and phrases —which cannot utter, nor even hear, one free, lightsome expression, without being shocked— which praises and condemns religion in every other person, by no other standard than its own set forms and phrases—which translates everything that is said into this consecrated and mystified phraseology, and thus reduces a luminous thought to a trivial, or at least an *obscure one.* At various places, in the course

of my travels, (though less this time than heretofore,) I have fallen in with such weak and contracted (though sincerely pious) persons, who have excited in my mind the wish that an enlightened, free, manly religion, which clearly understands what it says, might become more general; and that pious Christians might be delivered from all light-dreading scrupulosity and word-slavery."

On the 10th of June he reached Bernstorff, near Copenhagen, the seat of the count who had invited him. Lavater was astonished at the intelligent calmness and yet lively interest with which this eminent statesman conversed on the most important truths of Christianity. His religious convictions had been formed after a hard struggle with scepticism, from which he had at length been brought out victorious. Lavater therefore regarded him with admiration, especially since a statesman who, amidst the pressure of public business, can find time for the prosecution of religious inquiries, is so rare a phenomenon. During the fortnight that he spent with the count, he saw all that was worthy of notice in Copenhagen, and formed an acquaintance with several men of eminence; altogether, his recollections of this journey were retained as some of the most delightful to the

end of his life. On his way home, he saw Klopstock at Hamburgh, and Stilling at Marburgh.

This journey, of which, at the request of many, he began to publish the first part, gave rise to many sneers and malicious observations. Lavater remained silent, but an unknown friend advanced to his defence, and thus referred to his religious system, which had been stigmatized as Lavaterism :—

"I shall now say a few words about the sectarian name, *Lavaterism*. Its design is obviously to fix a stigma on all those that adopt Lavater's principles and doctrines. With intelligent and truth-loving men, names are of no great consequence; they look at the person or the thing, and judge for themselves; but such names are calculated to blind the eyes of the public, particularly of the lower classes. The cause or purport of this artifice, however, may be easily guessed. It was manifest that in Lavater's system lay the essential and constituent parts of Christianity, and it was these that his opponents meant to attack. Such a religion is not suited to the taste of men who, enervated by the morals and manners of the times, are dead to earnest solicitude after a *higher world*; they feel themselves incon-

venienced by this simple and noble gift from Heaven, and therefore say it is not for this world. They may say and feel so; but how unjust to prevent honest people from being attached to it by denying its truth, and by designating its friends with names calculated to make them appear ridiculous in the eyes of the public!"

Lavater's health was never firm; he was subject to frequent complaints of the chest and to giddiness, yet he was seldom laid aside altogether from his avocations. As the two best expedients for maintaining his capacity for labour, he took daily exercise in the open air, and adopted a frequent change of mental occupations. Still his physical system could not bear any great exertion; and one attempt that he made—a journey to Basle on foot with his daughter, in 1794—proved seriously injurious. Very imprudently, he had crammed the pockets of his coat and great-coat with books and papers; this heavy load, added to the excessive heat of the weather, completely prostrated his strength, so that he returned worse than when he set out. From this period, he was more liable to attacks of vertigo, and in conversation with his friends he made more frequent allusions to the end of life, as in all probability not

very distant. "I shall not live much longer," he would say; "only may God grant me grace to make a right use of my remaining time!"

He endeavoured to render his anticipations useful to others, by writing down on small cards, reflections, hints, and sentiments, which were to be given to his friends after his decease. To habituate himself and his correspondents to the thoughts of death, he wrote at the top of every letter, "Write as if it were thy last." For convenience he had this sentence engraved in wood, a facsimile of his own hand, and printed as a motto on sheets of letter-paper.

Ulrich, the Antistes of Zurich, died in 1795, and Jacob Hess was elected to be his successor, an appointment which, so far from exciting a feeling of jealousy, gave Lavater great satisfaction. Nor was he less pleased when his son's early associate, George Gessner, succeeded Hess as deacon of St. Peter's, an event which was soon followed by his marriage with Lavater's daughter, Annette.

In the year 1795, his fifty-fourth birth-day fell on the Sabbath. From this circumstance he took occasion to preach a sermon on John ix. 4, 5—"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh,

when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." These words he applied to himself with great earnestness :—

" ' *Work while it is day.*' Let these words penetrate my soul as the voice of God, and not of a man. Let thy last works be more than thy first. Save thyself and those that hear thee. Yes, my Redeemer, enlighten me that I may enlighten others. Four-and-fifty years thou hast borne with me with astonishing long-suffering. From my birth to this hour I have been guided by a goodness and mercy for which I can find no name. Thy countless compassions have always conflicted with my countless weaknesses and transgressions, and have overcome. What man ought more than I humbly and sincerely to adopt the language, ' Lord, I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies!' Still be powerful in my weakness — glorify thyself in my infirmities. I see the night fast approaching when I can no longer work. Daily my burdens increase. Thou givest me, O Jesus, intimations not to be mistaken that this my earthly tabernacle will soon be taken down ; but in the days of my pilgrimage, more or fewer, I would leave all to thee. I pray neither

for a long life, nor that thou shouldst take me out of the world; I only pray that thou wouldst preserve me from the evil."

In the same year, he published a weekly paper, called "*The Sunday Sheet.*" "Sunday," he says in the first number, "is the Sabbath of Christians—the festival of the new creation to immortality—the commemoration of our Lord's resurrection, and of his triumph over death and the grave—over the power of sin and sinners, and the captain of both—Sunday, peculiar to Christianity and to faith in Him who was dead, and is alive for evermore. For the reflective, what a proof of the resurrection of the Lord! Who would regard thee as a burden, thou lovely day of rest and triumph? Who would celebrate thee by constraint? Who would not rejoice in thy morning, thy noon, and thy evening? Who would not make the utmost use of thee, but joyfully and without scruples? Who would let thee pass without adoring Him who was raised by God to be the Author of our resurrection?"

This periodical was afterwards published once a month, instead of weekly, under the title of "*The Christian Monthly Magazine for the Unlearned.*" As a specimen of its contents,

we may quote the following passage on religion :—

" If any one should ask me, ' Tell me in one word what is religion ?' I should answer, ' Religion is joy—joy in God and in all that is God's. Rejoice, O man ; that is thy whole duty. I know not whence arises the unhappy notion so common among us, that to be sad—to be always sighing and trembling—to have an anxious and troubled heart—is religion ; or that at least religion is anything rather than to be joyful and of good courage.'

" Gospel—what a name is that which eternal wisdom gives to religion ! Gospel ! glad tidings ! source of joy ! economy of salvation ! Who can hear this name—who can reflect on this Divine appellation—without rejoicing in thee, thou religion of my God, descending from heaven ! Oh, how little does he know thee—how greatly does he calumniate and blaspheme thee—who calls thee an enemy of man, and a destroyer of joy ! Religion, the gospel, or, which is the same thing, the revelation of God in Christ, leads only to rest, serenity, joy, and salvation. What is commanded us is commanded because the Author of our nature knows that if we do what he tells us to do it

will give us joy; what it forbids is forbidden because the Author of our nature knows that it would occasion us more pain than joy, more trouble and anxiety, than rest and satisfaction. Every pleasure of which thou wilt never repent, which brings no smart after it, that thy God permits and gives thee."

In the summer of 1794, during an excursion to Herrliberg, on the lake of Zurich, Lavater wrote a work, in two small volumes, to which he gave—for what reasons we know not—the name of *Anacharsis*; it consists of promiscuous rules and hints for self-knowledge, and of men in general. It was thus dedicated to his friend Wirz: "May this collection of mixed thoughts and counsels be some compensation for the want of enjoyment in my company, while I was in your neighbourhood! May the perusal in some measure sweeten your friendly sympathy on my account, when you see me treated unkindly by those who are not my friends! Be cheerful; do not fret yourself; be not angry—leave them alone. They would be more friendly if they knew me as you know me. May I go on my way joyfully!—what remains of it is not very far. Do you go on joyfully with me, and meet with smiles the hastening, all-revealing, all-*rectifying*, and enriching future!"

"When I read a book, I leave unmarked all the passages which contain no remarks of special interest for me. I place a single mark against passages that please me; a double one against what pleases me very much; a triple one against what I would frame and glaze: I put a note of interrogation against what I do not understand; a cross against that which is contrary to my mind; a double or triple cross against what is most distasteful. At last, I estimate and review the whole, and write my verdict at the beginning. Is it wise or unbecoming, if I advise something similar, or wish all the readers of these thoughts to do the same?"

In November, 1794, he wrote a letter, in which he stated his religious views and convictions. "I believe especially," he says, "in the highest Divinity of the person and doctrine of Jesus the Nazarene. I hold *Him* daily, with increasing conviction and joy, as the immediate object of our religious worship—as the supreme ideal of humanity and of the Divinity, as conceivable by man. I believe, with increasing strength of knowledge, that without Him no man cometh to the Father, or into real enjoyment and communion with the first of all beings. I believe that, through His person and mediation *alone*, the human race is elevated to its

proper destination—is exalted to its true dignity, and becomes what it should be according to the plan of eternal love. He—Jesus Christ—is every day more indispensable to me, the mortal Lavater—to me, the sinner Lavater—to me, the power-needing Lavater—to me, (if I may say so,) the philosopher Lavater."

In 1796, Lavater published a little work, in two volumes, entitled "A Legacy to my Friends." It was written, like several of his works about this period, in the belief that the termination of his life was approaching. "My friends," he says in the introduction, "I do not expect to remain much longer in the present scene, where only shadows and dreams appear to chase one another. My bodily infirmities admonish me, in very plain terms, of the frail condition and speedy breaking-up of my earthly tabernacle. I call this work *a Legacy*, because I regard it as the last work that I shall write specially for my friends, and because I hope to impress my own mind more distinctly with the thoughts of my approaching end. I wish to insert several things in it which I wish you to lay to heart, both before and after my death."

We add one or two other passages:—"*Christ or despair*—an exclamation which, oftener than *any other, gushes* from my heart. His being,

his sufferings, death, and resurrection; his connexion with humanity, without which he would be nothing to us, but by which he is or can be everything for us—explains to me all mysteries, makes good all my deficiencies. By faith in Him I can say, in every case, that he will explain it—he will make it good.

"Every heart is a world. What is without us, is all within us. Read the Bible, and you will hardly find a character, good or bad, of which you have not something in yourself. Wheat and tares are in thee, as in the world, until the great separation at death and judgment. Take care; watch the wheat, that the tares may be choked by its growth. Away with all fancies. Be content with such a spark as a man can kindle. How little a fire sets a forest in a blaze! I have been long indifferent to all operations on a large scale. I confine myself more than ever to my friends—to the individual nearest to me. In this way, one can work deeper and further than one might suppose. He who concentrates his powers on the person nearest to him, will produce no common effect."

Writing to a friend, Lavater says, "Courage, my beloved! The invisible world, the witness of our conflict and victory, of the night that

envelopes us, and of the faith by which we exclaim, 'Let there be light,' must animate our joy. I wrote to-day to a friend, 'Lavater and despair are two irreconcilables;' and, with this consolation, wherewith I am comforted of God, I comfort thee also."

It was an ancient ecclesiastical custom at Zurich, to deliver a Latin oration before the Consistory every year, to celebrate the arrival of the first Christian missionaries, Felix and Regula, in those parts. In the year 1797, this office devolved on Lavater. To give point to his address, he threw his thoughts into the form of a vision, in which the two ancient worthies described the past and present state of the Zurich church, and predicted its future fortunes, with warnings of the dangers arising from political commotions, especially those arising out of the French revolution.

CHAPTER X.

LAVATER AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

When the French revolution first broke out, Lavater hailed it as the harbinger of a new era for France and the world. He even composed a song, in 1791, to celebrate it, entitled "The Song of a Swiss on the first Liberty of France." But the enormities, the bloody scenes, the impieties which ensued, produced a powerful revulsion in his feelings, which he expressed in a parody on his own verses. He intended to insert both these compositions in his "Hand-Library," but was forbidden by the censorship.

But Lavater could not be silent. He always met the assertion, that clergymen ought not to mix themselves up with political matters, by remarking that, inasmuch as religion and morality necessarily have to do with both governors and the governed, he considered it as his duty to admonish both parties of their respective obligations.

On October 28, 1792, he preached on Prov-

xxv. 11, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Perhaps no sermon he ever delivered produced so lively an impression. Every one was astonished at his boldness, and every unprejudiced person saw and felt the truth.

Referring to the state of religion in France, he observed: "It is not a groundless, hypocritical complaint of the priesthood, when we say, irreligion is visibly ascendant in France; irreligion is the beginning, the middle, and the end. No nation, not even among heathens, has so openly, so decidedly, so wantonly expressed a contempt for religion, as this. Without being a prophet, I may say with confidence, as true as God liveth, where irreligion prevails, must lawlessness, immorality, trouble, and confusion prevail. As little can men dispense with air for breathing, or with light for seeing, as a state can do without religion. O France! France! drive away all thy priests, destroy or sell thy temples, change thy Christian holidays into theatrical exhibitions, and thy holy altars into altars of freedom—deliberate whether the word Providence shall yet be retained, and proclaim the Epicurean gospel, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' from the pulpits that yet *remain; and then* let us see what will at last

become of thee! . . . . . All evil comes with irreligion; all good comes with religion. Oh may the purest, holiest piety increase among us, live in us, operate in us! Religion, the teacher concerning God and providence, the revealer of the future, the queen of good morals, the directress of conscience, the mother of the noblest dispositions and of the worthiest deeds! Religion, the consoler in sorrow, the rejoicer in prosperity, the strengthener in death, the queen of blessedness in eternity!"

In 1795, the revolutionary movement began to be felt in Zurich. Attempts were made to deprive the capital of the canton of certain privileges which it had enjoyed from time immemorial. Stäfa, a large village on the right side of the lake, was the central point of the revolt. Lavater attempted to act as mediator between the insurgents and the civil power; and when his remonstrances were unavailing, and the ringleaders were convicted, and in danger of capital punishment, he redoubled his efforts; he could not endure to see blood shed in Zurich for political offences; he became the advocate of the prisoners, not to rescue them from punishment entirely, but to save their lives. The Sabbath preceding the day on which they were to receive sentence, was not lost upon

Lavater; he made a sermon for the occasion; he appealed to the magistrates as the fathers of their country; he implored them to act as Christians, and not to shed the blood of their fellow-citizens. He had prepared the way for this public appeal, by private communications to the judges, and by an ode, which has since been printed in his posthumous works. He was rejoiced to find that, instead of being executed, the offenders were only sentenced to pass under the gallows.

Disturbances of a similar kind broke out again in 1798. Lavater once more exerted himself as a pacificator between the contending parties. As he knew no one in Stäfa whom he could address personally, he drew up a letter for general perusal, inscribed, "To the most upright man in Stäfa." He began with saying, "I wish to pour out my heart into thine—to remove as far as possible the heart-burnings and distrust between town and country, that righteousness and peace may kiss each other. Give me thy hand, thou most upright man, and take mine. It is a brother's hand, whose eyes are filled with tears while he writes these lines. . . . . A gentle, brotherly pouring out of the heart to one another, can easily unite us in *the choice* of means, if only a truce to mistrust

be agreed upon. Let this be, and in a few weeks town and country will be of one heart and of one soul. Thou hast still the power to believe in the uprightness of others. None but the wholly unprincipled have lost the beautiful power to have faith in the uprightness of all the upright—a power without which a man is, as it were, no man."

It was one of Lavater's most settled convictions, that truth is never uttered in vain. Under this impression, he wrote an energetic appeal on his country's behalf, entitled, "The Word of a Free Swiss to the Great Nation," and forwarded it to Rewbell, the minister for foreign affairs in the French Directory. He kept his design a profound secret till after its execution, that he might prevent the possibility of being dissuaded from it by his friends, to whom he suspected it might appear fraught with danger. "I remember very well," says his son-in-law, Gessner, "that on the 12th of May, after the post had left, Lavater called on me, and said with a smile, 'I have written to Rewbell, and inclosed 'A Word of a Free Swiss to the French Nation,' in which, without any reserve, I have spoken the truth on their atrocious and unjust proceedings against our country. I *now* calmly await whatever may happen, for

I have done my duty. Whatever persecution or deed of violence may befall me, I shall never repent my having taken this step.' Great as my amazement was, I said to him very calmly, 'In God's name, be the effect what it may, I am quite at ease about you; nothing will happen to you on account of it.'"

The address to the French nation began in the following manner:—

"Freedom—equality—rights of man—philanthropy!—these are the devices on all the decrees and ordinances of the nation, which in more than one respect thinks itself justified in assuming the epithet of *great*. It will therefore be no offence, frankly to utter a word of humanity to the vaunted mother of freedom and humanity.

"All the inhabitants of Helvetia, who are deluded by words of jugglery employed for the purpose of delusion, can be of only one opinion. Though the force of terrorism, which, while blowing the trumpet of freedom, lays its iron hand on their necks, may reduce them to silence, they all have only one opinion, namely, The French nation, which for several years has carried on war with the mightiest nations—why? that no foreign power may interfere *with its* internal concerns—has, neither on

account of its superior power, nor its victories, the least right; and, in short, acts most inconsistently and unjustly, in interfering with our concerns. A hundred thousand warriors make up not a single rational argument to justify what is in itself unjust. France has no right, but the vagrant right of the strongest, to invade Helvetia, in order, as it is said, to overthrow the aristocracy. . . . Ye Franks came as robbers and tyrants into Switzerland. Ye waged war against a land which had never injured you. If (which I am not aware of) individuals have injured you, can you not prove the injury, and demand satisfaction of them? But, like robbers, you have carried off treasures from conquered towns, which never belonged to you, especially from Berne. In doing this, you robbed the whole of innocent Helvetia—that Helvetia which you have made into an indivisible republic. You have taken from Helvetia the greater part of its power—the power of making itself free.

"Can you deny it? We must regard your words as commands—your counsels as despotic decrees. Such commands we never received when, according to your false report, we were slaves. We were never forced to obey so blindly as since, according to your report, we

have been free. Who has the face to deny this? Ten thousand of your faithful sons must say it, and in our hearing. Switzerland has been treated infamously, etc.

"Dated Zurich, in the first year of Swiss slavery."

On the 14th of June, Lavater received a prolix and sophistical answer, sealed with the seal of the Directory, but without any date or subscription. Though no refutation of his appeal was attempted, it was a proof that even bad men were obliged to respect the courage he had shown in the cause of truth.

In the beginning of the year 1799, Lavater's health underwent a considerable change; violent attacks of rheumatism, and the mental disquietude arising from public affairs, reduced him to such a state of weakness, that he could with difficulty discharge his ministerial duties. At this juncture, a fresh act of oppression on the part of the French, which included himself among its objects, tended to aggravate every unfavourable symptom. This act was the deportation or removing from their homes and placing under arrest persons of rank, wealth, or influence. On the 2nd of April, ten of the most respectable citizens of Zurich were *arrested by* order of the Helvetic Directory,

without being informed of the cause of this unheard-of act of despotism, and without being allowed an audience with the authorities. The only attempt at justifying the proceeding, was the circulation of a report that these persons were in secret correspondence with the Austrians. Always ready to defend the oppressed, Lavater immediately drew up a memorial, which was signed by a great number of the inhabitants of Zurich, setting forth the flagrant injustice of the act. He also wrote to the director Bay, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and to other influential persons in the senate. "If terrorism," he said to senator Pfyfer, "prevail, it is all over with our country and our freedom. A change of names deceives only fools, not wise men. We want freedom itself, not the name—not the image—not the barren tree of liberty."

Lavater likewise addressed a consolatory letter to the families of the deported citizens, a copy of which fell into the hands of the Directory. This probably sealed his fate, and caused him to be numbered with the victims of oppression. He knew the world too well not to foresee this result, and prepared to meet it by writing a letter to his family, friends, and parishioners, in which he aimed at making

them regard this and every other painful event as permitted by Providence, as being useful in connexion with other things, and salutary to those whom it immediately affected. "I expect everything," he said, "and fear nothing. The bad will be good—the worst, best of all. God will give me strength and composure to endure all things. My deportation will not be without a great blessing for myself, for you, and for my country. This I expect with undoubting confidence. Pray for me calmly, affectionately, sympathizingly, trustfully, and fearlessly. This is the only thing which, under the circumstances, you can do for me. Despair not, fear not. Speak as little as possible, and never with passion, respecting this event, which affects your heart more acutely than it does mine. Murmur not against the power that oppresses the right, and condemns unheard the innocent, to whom it promised freedom."

It is delightful to observe in Lavater the union of so much Christian charity with so much energy and moral courage.

Lavater had been advised to use the baths of Baden for his rheumatic complaints. He stayed at Zurich till after Whitsunday, when he preached twice, though with great difficulty. *On the* 14th of May, he set off with Mrs. La-

vater for Baden; but on the second morning after his arrival, before six o'clock, there was a knock at his chamber-door, and three commissioners entered. On Lavater's inquiring very calmly what was their business, they replied that they had received a warrant from the Helvetic Directory to seize and seal his papers, and to send him by short stages to Basle, as the place of his deportation. In a short time, the escort was ready. Mrs. Lavater, who was not allowed to accompany her husband, exclaimed, when she saw the soldiers, "My husband! and bayonets!" and fainted on the bed. Another scene of violence had taken place in his own house on the night preceding his arrest. His daughter Louisa, then only eighteen years old, was forced to admit into his study police-officers, who demanded his letters and other papers; they seized several bundles, and left the house at four o'clock in the morning. As soon as his son, Dr. Henry Lavater, was informed of this proceeding, and of his father's arrest, he addressed a memorial to the Directory, and published a protest against both measures.

On his own part, Lavater wrote to his family and friends, urging them to take no steps of importance, but to leave all with God. He

drew up a memorial to the Directory, in energetic and dignified language, protesting against their unjust treatment, and requesting permission to be attended by a physician of his own choice; and he particularly begged that no attempts in his favour should be considered as authorized by himself, as he had earnestly enjoined that no person should interfere on his behalf. He concluded by saying, "Citizen-directors, I conjure you by all that is sacred to listen with attention—to lay to heart the free words of one who sincerely reveres the constitution. Do not extinguish the last spark of confidence in the hearts of the nominally free Helvetic people by unconstitutional acts of violence; and let me tell you, in no ambiguous terms, that he who condemns without hearing—let him be called king or director, oligarch or democrat—is nothing more nor less than a tyrant. Salutation and pardon.

"J. K. L., a clergyman unconstitutionally sent away."

During his residence at Basle, he was treated with the greatest courtesy by Mr. Schmidt, a member of the government, to whose care he had been consigned. His health improved, and even the comparative solitude in which he *passed his* time was a source of enjoyment.

His request to be examined without delay was complied with; the second interrogatory took place on the 24th of May. He had to defend himself on two points—namely, a letter in which he gave his opinion respecting Antichrist, and the acknowledgment of the receipt of some money due to him from the empress of Russia. He explained that the letter in question was only an exposition of one of the numerous religious questions which he often received from his correspondents; and that as to the money, it was in part of payment of his collection of pictures, which had been purchased by the empress Catherine.

On the 10th of June, in the morning after Lavater had passed a very restless night with his cough, his host entered the room with a smile on his countenance, and put a paper into his hands, saying, "Here is an excellent recipe for your cough." On opening it, Lavater found it was an order for his release from the Directory, together with a letter from senator Meier, informing him that his son would soon arrive with his carriage to fetch him home.

The first use Lavater made of his release was to visit his fellow-citizens of Zurich who were still detained at Basle; he also called on several of the inhabitants from whom he had

received marks of kindness; to others he sent a farewell in hexameters, concluding with a request that they would "pray God to send Helvetia peace."

Though he had now permission to return home, it was no easy thing to accomplish the journey, as he would have to pass through the French troops that were encamped between Basle and Zurich. An audience was granted him by general Massena, ("who behaved," he remarked, "with all the politeness of a Frenchman, and all the firmness of a soldier,") but a safe conduct was refused. He was only allowed to write an unsealed letter in French to his family, announcing his release.

For a time, Lavater took up his abode in the village of Knonau, where, owing to an unexpected incident, he resumed his ministerial labours. The clergyman of the place was seized with a paralytic stroke while preaching, and Lavater was requested to ascend the pulpit and finish the discourse. He did so; and from that moment performed all the parochial duties as long as he remained there. In rather more than a month, he was recalled to Basle, where he remained three weeks. At the end of that time, by the kind offices of a lady, who contrived to include him in a party of pleasure,

for whom leave had been obtained to spend a day at the neighbouring village of Hausingen, he got beyond the French lines. In passing through the Austrian troops, he was treated with the greatest courtesy. On the 16th of August his family received a short note from him, which informed them of his arrival at a country-house not far from Zurich. His return was not only a source of heart-felt satisfaction to his family, but occasioned a general rejoicing among all his fellow-citizens. On the following Sunday, he appeared in the pulpit, and delivered a discourse on Luke iii. 10, "And the people said unto him, What shall we do then?" His time, during the week, had been so taken up with receiving visitors, that he was unable to commit the sermon to writing; but, in the general opinion, it was one of his best efforts, and a noble specimen of fidelity, patriotism, and eloquence. He applied the question of the text (1) to Christian teachers; (2) to the provisional government; (3) to the foreign troops then in Zurich; (4) to the citizens; (5) to Christian parents; (6) to persons in general who felt themselves oppressed; and (7) to himself. Under the first and last heads, he spoke as follows:—

"Let us seek to awaken elevated moral

sentiments, and a devout spirit. Let us seek to implant peaceful dispositions in the hearts of our fellow-citizens, and labour to counteract the spirit of faction, and to kindle brotherly love. Let us awaken our fellow-Christians to more earnest devotion, to more ardent supplication, to more patient and yet hopeful submission to unavoidable calamities. Great things have happened in our day—greater still will soon happen. Revolutions and overturnings will go on incessantly. What, then, is our duty? To hold ourselves more than ever in readiness—to penetrate continually deeper into the spirit of our holy religion—to hold with greater firmness its essentials and peculiarities—to reduce everything that is non-essential to its true value—and to fix our eye firmly on eternal realities. It becomes us to show the greater stedfastness in proportion as all around seems in danger of falling. It becomes us to bring our souls into communion with that eternal Being, with whom is no variableness or shadow of turning. 'What must *I* do?' Be thankful, pray—take courage and fresh confidence—attend with cheerfulness to my calling—look about me on the right and left. What good is to be done? Where is an opportunity to say something *useful? Let* me often ask myself, What can

I contribute at this time, and under present circumstances, in accordance with my character and calling, for the maintenance of peace and civil union? How can I expel from the minds of my fellow-Christians all revenge and bitterness, and desire of mortifying others? What are my peculiar obligations? What depends upon me? What lies in my power? Such are the questions which, methinks, I ought often to propose to myself with conscientious earnestness, and to answer them with firm, unalterable resolution. The Lord make me a blessed instrument of his saving love and power!"

Soon after Lavater's return to Zurich, he was invited to visit the archduke Charles, the commander of the Austrian troops. "We conversed," Lavater says, "on the necessity of faith in an all-governing Providence, of which he expressed his firm conviction. And, in fact, without such a faith, who would not despair in the present turmoil in which the French and our own revolutions have involved us?"

CHAPTER XI.

THE CLOSE OF LAVATER'S LIFE.

LAVATER'S health had improved in the interval between his return and the capture of Zurich by the French, on September 26, 1799. But it was the Divine will that his life was the only one that fell a sacrifice to that event, and that too after a season of protracted suffering. He had always been very sensitive of bodily pain, and used to say, "Physical pain is an evil I know not how to bear; I therefore believe that God will spare me that trial." Yet, how different was the event! that which he so dreaded came upon him, but with it was granted also that power from on high, which enabled him to endure the trial.

The various incorrect reports that were circulated respecting the event that cost him his life, induced him to dictate, in his intervals of ease, the following circumstantial account of it:—

"After the French had beaten the Russians, and entered Zurich, about noon on Thursday, the soldiers dispersed themselves in small parties over the city. Among others, two came to a house near St. Peter's church, occupied by two females, and cried out, in German, 'Wine, wine!—here's a tavern.' Some one told them that it was not a tavern. 'No matter,' said they, somewhat irritated, 'wine is to be had here.' I called out to them from my window, 'Be quiet; I will bring you wine.' They seemed satisfied, and I hastened down stairs, and tapping them on the shoulder, said, 'Drink now to your hearts' content.' I poured out the wine, gave them some bread, and offered them money, which last they refused. Meanwhile they got into an altercation with a non-commissioned officer from Berne, who asked them whether they had been at the fire. A soldier from Basle now joined them, and advised the officer who had asked the question to withdraw, while he tried to calm the other two. I asked them whether they wanted anything more. They said, 'No,' and thanked me, to all appearance, very heartily. One of them, a grenadier, took leave of me, saying, 'Thank you, my good sir.' I turned back to my house.

My wife was glad that I had got clear of such company. She welcomed me, saying, 'Come in, my Daniel, from the lions' den.' I wished to visit one of my children, to see how they were, and sent some one before me to know whether the way was clear, since, when I tried before to go to my son's, I was prevented by the crowd of soldiers. Expecting the messenger to return, I stood at the door of my house, when a poor, half-starved soldier presented himself, and gave me to understand, in broken German, that he had been taken prisoner by the Russians, and that he had no shirt. I told him that I had no shirt for him, but put my hand into my pocket, and gave him some money. He looked at it contemptuously, and said, 'One needs a large dollar for a shirt.' I again felt in my pocket, and gave him almost all I had. With all this he was not satisfied, but still asked for a large dollar. 'You are insolent,' I replied; 'go away, and let me alone.' Upon this, he drew his sabre, presented it in a threatening manner at me, and cried out, 'Money! money!' The rest, with a few of the townspeople, were standing three or four steps from me, at the corner of the house. I called for help: they all seemed

ready to assist me. I turned, full of confidence, to the grenadier above-mentioned, and said; 'My good friend, this is strange behaviour; protect me against that man, to whom I have given all the money I had about me, and who demands more with his uplifted sabre.' What I least of all expected followed. The man who two minutes before had declined taking any money, and wished me good-bye in the most friendly manner, as if seized with satanic rage, presented his bayonet to my breast, and demanded money in a much fiercer tone than the other. My own and another person's hands turned the bayonet aside; a person then unknown to me, (Henry Hegetschweiler,) kindly put his arms round me, and pulled me back. Immediately after, a report was heard; a ball passed through his right arm, and struck me just below the chest.

"I felt an exceedingly painful bruise, as I supposed, and sat down on a little bench before the house of my neighbour, the churchwarden Frendweiler, where I felt as if dying, while others ran to the help of the bleeding Henry Hegetschweiler, whom alone they thought was wounded. With the most tender care they took me into the house; I sat down a few moments

the blood flowed from my right side, and only a very strong cordial kept me from fainting. I was carried up stairs, and attended most carefully. Physicians and surgeons quickly came, and found that if the wound had been a very little lower, it would have been instantaneously fatal. I was told afterward that I must have moved my body for an instant while the ball was passing, and that this movement had rendered the wound less dangerous. I was also assured, that the unhappy grenadier, whose name I wish no one to know, had reloaded his piece, and was levelling it at the door of the house where I had taken refuge, but was prevented by some unknown circumstance from discharging it. I again beg all who read this not to inquire after the man's name, or, if they happen to learn it, let them keep it a secret. It would only aggravate my severe pains if anything were to happen to him. In the writer's sense, he knew not what he did.

"Dictated Sunday, Sept. 29, 1799."

His son-in-law found him in a neighbour's house, lying quite in an agony; his wife sobbing and kneeling by his side, his countenance of a deathlike paleness, and pain in every feature; he could not converse; only an ejaculation

sometimes escaped his lips, "Lord Jesus! I am almost gone!"

On the following day he was taken home, and on the third day he dictated the account we have given above.

With devout wonder he saw in this event the hand of God. He bore the trial with child-like submission, and in the intervals of freedom from pain he was cheerful and full of pleasantry. In a short time he was able to resume his practice of writing in bed. He soon began to place himself in communication with his congregation by penning out addresses, which were read by his colleague from the pulpit. He was also much refreshed by the visits of his friends; and it was a great alleviation of his affliction that, while debarred from more active employments, he was able to carry on his extensive correspondence; nor were his labours as an author entirely suspended, for on the very day when Zurich was taken, he finished the fourth of his letters on the Deportation. To the completion of this work he applied himself with great earnestness. "It had been my intention," he said, "to have dedicated the volume to the Swiss Directory, if they had not experienced the fate, which can-

not be more simply described than in the words of the psalmist, 'The wicked are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.'"

Towards the middle of December, he was so far recovered as to leave his bed, his wounds appeared to be healing healthfully, and he ventured once more to enter the pulpit, from which he had been excluded for three months. He preached on the words of Psa. lxxi. 7, 8, "I am as a wonder unto many; but thou art my strong refuge. Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honour all the day." He continued to perform his pastoral duties to the end of January, 1800. At that time his pains became greater; it was a period of the year in which he generally suffered most from rheumatism; this complaint, in connexion with the state of his wounds, again obliged him to retire from public services, though he maintained his intercourse as before with his congregation, by means of written addresses. He never felt his absence from the pulpit more painfully than during Passion-week, which had always been to him a season of great religious enjoyment.

About this time he had many visits from *French* military men, including some of the

highest rank, particularly general Moreau, whom he held in very high esteem. His pains continued to increase, though without any ostensible cause. Yet he maintained a constant cheerfulness, and often expressed his gratitude to God, not only for every merciful alleviation of his sufferings, but for the sufferings themselves, since they made him more sensible of his dependence on God, and were the means of purifying his soul, and preparing it for a blessed immortality.

Besides completing his letters on the "Deportation," at the request of his friends he prepared a "Manual of Devotion." In his preface, after classifying the different kinds of prayer, he says, "Let me, as a friend of truth, and a man who stands on the brink of the grave, be allowed to express my firmest conviction, that he has no God who has not a *living* God. And he has not a living God who does not stand in a real, positive, reciprocal, relation to God; in other words, who is not as experimentally certain of the existence of God, as a man is of the person of an unknown friend with whom he keeps up a constant correspondence. Such a God is the God of the Bible for believers. They ask him—He answers. They

request blessings of him—He gives. They call upon him in trouble—He helps them; and if he does not help, he gives positive assurance of his mercy, and the reasons why he does not help them. Oh that, by what I have written, I could infuse more courage and confidence into Christian worshippers, so to make use of God as he allows us to do! Why should the greatest of all privileges that are granted to mortals be so neglected?"

As the spring advanced, it was thought that Lavater might derive benefit from the waters at Baden. He went thither in May, but without gaining much advantage. His convulsive cough, which irritated his wound, and caused great pain, experienced no abatement. The waters of Schinznach were next tried, but with as little success. He wished to return to the neighbourhood of Zurich, that he might be more accessible to his family and friends, and therefore gladly accepted the kind offer of general Von Salis, to reside for a while at his country-seat of Erlenbach, situated on the borders of the lake.

At Baden and Schinznach he employed himself in completing his physiognomical cabinet. He devoted part of every day to his "*Thought-*

Library," which has been already described. He also wrote a little work entitled, " Private Letters from Saul to Paul," containing a view of the arguments against and in favour of Christianity, such as we might suppose to have occurred to the mind of the apostle before and after his conversion. Many persons were astonished at the mental energy displayed in these letters, considering that they were written, as Baxter says, in the title of his " Saints' Rest," " in the time of the author's languishing."

In the retirement of Erlenbach, Lavater found everything that could soothe and gratify him under his sufferings. As he was not yet wholly confined to his bed, he was able to take a little gentle exercise in the open air almost daily, and to enjoy the beauties of the surrounding scenery; while, whether in or out of doors, he was sedulously attended by his affectionate wife and daughter. " Here," said he, in writing to a friend, " in this paradisaical Erlenbach, am I, a king without a kingdom! confined, and yet in the utmost liberty! though poor, yet in the bosom of superabundance! Here am I, cheerful in the midst of the most painful depression! borne on the arms of Divine

long-suffering! mercifully spared under sharp chastisement! let my name be—'Lord! have mercy on me!'"

It was at Erlenbach that Lavater sketched, or rather began to collect, the materials for a work, which would set in a clearer light than any other of his writings, his character as a man of piety, his views of Christianity, and especially of the Lord Jesus Christ. But so far from completing it, all he wrote is in too aphoristic and fragmentary a state to appear even among his posthumous works. He intended to call it "The Song of the Dying Swan; or, The Last Thoughts of a Dying Man on Jesus of Nazareth." The following passages have been given by his biographer as a specimen:—

"I stand nearer than a thousand mortals to the brink of the grave. Death's cold hand presses too heavily on my crushed and incurably wounded breast to allow me to expect what so many kind friends wish more warmly than myself—*recovery*. He in whom I believe, and in whom I would fain excite all that is mortal and sinful on earth to believe—can do all things; but there is no probability from external appearances, and no secret anticipation

in my own mind, that it is his will that I should continue much longer among mortals. I look on myself, therefore, as a mortal who will soon be dying. I vanish from the scene of visible things which will vanish with me and after me, and hasten to that region where I shall reap as I have sown here below. I review what I have enjoyed, suffered, and performed. I have enjoyed much, for which I heartily thank the invisible Giver; I have suffered much with hopeful adoration; I have done much, which I regret and do not regret.

"Among the many objects of my activity, was by no means the least, that object which is the end of the Christian faith—JESUS CHRIST. A thousand times I have spoken and written of him in prose and verse; a thousand times I have meditated on the astounding appearance in the world of sense, of this Being who is without his equal. What I think at the termination of my earthly course, I wish to confess, to set in order, to illustrate and bequeath to the thinking, examining, truth-loving world. I shall leave behind me—if God grant me a term of life long enough for the purpose—the sum of my reflections on the incomparable, the most mysterious, the most open, the most

natural, the most wonderful, the most conceivable, the most inconceivable of men. . . .

"I will not conceal it, that I have planned this work for the strengthening of my own faith. In the last days of my suffering earthly pilgrimage, I shall be pleased to go over the grounds of that faith which is the source of my greatest happiness. I feel its rationality with double joy; I draw consolation and power from this my unalterably fixed faith. It will be the source of my joy and consolation to my last breath."

In the beginning of September, when it was usual in Zurich to have a day of public prayer, Lavater was very desirous to return home, that he might be present at that solemn service, and also partake once more of the Lord's supper with his beloved people. Though exceedingly weak, and almost bent double, so that he could not go from his bed to his chair without assistance, his wish was granted. He reached Zurich the week before the public service, and on September 14th was led into the church. At the end of the sermon, and before the communion, he addressed the congregation in a weak but distinct voice. He concluded with saying, "*The sum of* all I have said, or can say, is this

—Thou must be our God and Christ. Thou God-man, Jesus Christ — thou most faithful Friend of humanity. Before thee, by thee, with thee, in thee must we live. Thou, thou must be the life of our life. Thou art our aim in days of health—our confidence in days of sickness. Thou art our refuge in trouble—our hope in death—our heaven of heavens. Thou must, as it were, swallow up our whole soul. Incarnate Love, who wast crucified for us; who wast raised from the dead to be the Lord of glory; whose memory we are now about to celebrate—bless this feast. And may we become one with thee, as the bread which thou callest thy body, and the wine which thou callest thy blood, becomes one with us.—Amen."

Lavater terminated his poetical works by writing some lines "On the City of Zurich at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century." The conclusion was written about three weeks before his death, in an almost illegible hand.

His sufferings now became so acute, that he frequently uttered the most piercing cries for several minutes together, or for a quarter of an hour. There now appeared symptoms of *caries* in the bones, and one of the vertebræ of the

spine actually protruded; the cough, too, was fearfully aggravated, and often broke the little sleep which he obtained by means of opiates. Still, in the intervals of comparative ease, he employed himself in writing memorial-cards for his friends, to be given to them after his death. The sentences differed from those he wrote in former years, in being more strictly applicable to the character of each individual. His mental activity was so incessant, that when unable to sleep at night he would listen to portions of the New Testament, or dictate something to his attendant, and thus "redeemed" the time. He also had some of his earlier compositions read to him, and remarked, "that he retained the same sentiments, principles, and leading views, which he had then." Nor was his correspondence given up; he took pleasure especially in writing to his afflicted friends, believing that his own sufferings rendered him more apt in administering topics of encouragement and consolation, and that suggestions of this kind would be received more readily when known to come from a fellow-sufferer. When there was any slight improvement in the state of his health, he would answer inquiries after it with a smile,

"We are going on very orderly; I can *count* my troubles; there are six: a cough, two wounds, excoriation, strangury, and vertigo." He showed a very quick and grateful sense of every little act of kindness on the part of those about him; but, perhaps, in nothing was his Christian spirit so beautifully exhibited, as in relation to the man from whom he had received the wound which was the cause of his death. One day he asked his daughter Louisa, "For whom do you think I am writing these memorial-lines? Cannot you guess?" She quickly replied, "I think it must be for the soldier who wounded you." And so it was. They were as follow:—

"May God forgive thee, as I from my heart
forgive thee.
Mayst thou never suffer what I have suffered
through thee.
I embrace thee, friend! Unconsciously thou
didst me good.
If this card reaches thee, may it be a pledge
of the Lord's mercy,
Which pardons, purifies, and saves penitent
sinners.
May God inspire my soul with earnest
prayers for thee,

That no doubt may be felt: May we embrace one another hereafter in the presence of the Lord!"

The views he took of suffering, and in which he found much consolation, were somewhat peculiar, and very characteristic of Lavater. Besides his general faith in the providence of God, and in the beneficial result to a Christian of the afflictions of life, he also thought that there was a certain quantum of suffering allotted to the whole human race, and that if a larger proportion fell to the lot of one individual, so much less would be endured by the rest.

Another opinion from which he derived consolation was founded on the statement of Scripture, that our terrestial body is the germ or seed of the celestial body. Lavater believed that the sufferings of the present state purify and refine the body, and that in consequence of this process the celestial body will be rendered more perfect, and be the medium of higher felicity in the heavenly world.

Notwithstanding his great sufferings, his mind retained all its vigour; he conversed on subjects of all kinds—philosophical, reli-

gious, political, and physiognomical—with the same clearness as ever; his memory never failed him; and when a violent paroxysm forced him to break off the conversation, he resumed the subject again exactly at the point where he left off.

One of his friends rendered him, during the last weeks of his life, a very important service, of what precise kind we are not informed; but on reading his letter, tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, and seemed for the time to annihilate his pains. It strengthened his confidence in the faithfulness of God, and the assurance that He would not forsake him to the end of his days.

The 15th of November, 1800, he entered on his sixtieth year. He could only see a few of his friends at a time. "It is a miracle," he said to them, "that I am still among you. I am often at the point of sinking and languishing away, but the Lord upholds me. I pray neither for life nor death. May you do the same for me! Only supplicate for me delight in prayer, and strength to pray. When I die, do not grieve for me too much; God can make amends for every loss. Do not speak too much

about me, and only with one another. Love each other cordially, and more than ever ;. love each other for my sake."

He was occasionally subject to convulsions, so violent as almost to throw him out of bed. Yet his patience never gave way; he only expressed his hope that the end of all his sufferings was fast approaching.

One day, towards the end of December, his son-in-law, Gessner, came to see him. Lavater said, "The time is at hand ; the angel of death is not far off;" and then quoted Virgil's lines—

"——— Alarum verbera nosco
Lethalemque sonum"—

"I know the strokes of his wings, and the death-like sound."

He repeated the words, and then began to converse on poetry. "Oh," said he, "if I had had more time to study the works of the ancients, I should have been quite a different kind of poet."

His brother's wife died on the 22nd of December. Her residence was in a distant part of the town ; but when he found that her end was near, he made an extraordinary effort to visit her once more. It was in vain that his own family, and even his brother, (who left his

wife's dying bed for the purpose,) entreated him to forego the attempt. He was carried to the house in a sedan. On his arrival, he swooned away several times, so that it seemed doubtful whether he would return alive. Rarely has such a meeting occurred between two persons, both on the very brink of the grave. When sufficiently recovered, he sat by the bedside of his dying sister, and wept, only uttering a few short sentences. "Here we sit," said he, "both dying—near one another; but love dies not, nor the gratitude which I owe to you, my dear, faithful sister. God will soon reward you for all your sisterly love." Having said this, he sunk down exhausted,and slumbered awhile, leaning on Gessner. After some minutes he awoke, and showed that not his mind, but only its material organ, was in a state of debility. He went on to say, "Oh, how great must be the joy in heaven, when they see one approaching the shore! This one, too, will not be lost! Saved from the shipwreck of earthly life, he will soon be here—soon he will cry out, '*Land! land!*'"

He again sank into a doze, from which he awoke quite exhausted. He took farewell of his sister, saying, "May Jesus Christ, the inex-

haustibly compassionate One, be with thee, and with thy spirit, to redeem it!" He reached home, excessively fatigued, but feeling great satisfaction in having performed this office of love.

In the last weeks of his life, his mind became at times rather confused; but amidst all its wanderings, its tendency was always visible. On one such occasion, he was overheard speaking in French, (his usual language was German,) on the lovely character of Mary, the mother of Jesus. He was much pleased at this season with "the sound of the church-going bells." On the day preceding Christmas-day, he took his wife and daughter by the hand, and said, "Do you know what makes me suffer most? it is, that I am so hampered that I cannot reflect as I should do on the greatest wonder of grace—the incarnation of Jesus."

On the evening of Christmas-day, his family were all standing round his bed. His son-in-law asked him to give them his farewell blessing. "Ah!" he replied, "I have not bodily strength, and I am mentally so confused; as soon as I am able, I will do it."

On the last day of the year, he lay very

quietly, but his voice was so weak that it could not be heard, unless by putting the ear close to his lips. In this manner he dictated a few lines, which he wished to be read to his congregation on New Year's day, (1801:)

"Begun is this year, this century, O Father!
Hallelujah from every one to whom thou still grantest breath!
Withdraw not thy hand from us, thou all-merciful One!
Be thou our joy, our hope, and our help!
Daily mayest thou be more sought and found by us!
May each increasing distress bind us closer to thee!
May each evening find us happier in thee, and in the feeling of our existence."

On New Year's day, at noon, having laid quiet the whole of the morning without uttering a word, he sat in an easy chair, with no one present but his wife and daughter; he asked the latter to read a public prayer, composed by his friend Hess for the beginning of the century, and also some of his own sacred poems. "Shall I," she said, "read that on a person in great affliction?" "Yes," said he, "if you think that will suit me best; do you think

so?" After this, he had a violent paroxysm of pain; when it had passed off, he said, "This cannot last much longer. Now, is it not so? Will you not be glad for me, when I lie here a quiet corpse? . . . . . If I cannot bless you all singly, be assured that my blessing rests upon you all. Believe in my intercessory prayers for you. God will certainly bless you?"

The evening of the day was very quiet, during the course of it, he received the present of a candle-screen from a friend at Basle, with a profile of Pfenninger upon it, and with this device, "On this side shadow—on that side light." He understood the allusion, and felt greatly delighted. At nine o'clock, he woke from sleep, and requested his wife and daughter to remain with him for a short time. They stayed for an hour, when he kissed them, and wished them good night. He then dropped into a sound sleep, which lasted till nearly eleven o'clock on the following morning.

At eleven o'clock he awoke, but not refreshed; his eyes were fixed, and he was so weak that it was difficult to raise him. The last conflict was evidently coming on; he gasped for breath, and it was necessary to open the window. For a while he leaned his head on his beloved wife,

and said hastily, " God bless thee ! God bless thee !" He signified a wish to be placed in the easy chair, dozed for a while, and then woke with a feeling of great exhaustion, which made him at times exclaim, " Oh for strength !— strength !" His daughter Louisa was standing by his side ; he took hold of her hand repeatedly, and said, " God bless thee, my child !— God bless thee !" His family all stood around, or sat at a short distance, praying for the moment of release. During this fearful interval, two of his most intimate friends came in, without being aware that he was engaged in the last conflict ; he recognised them, called them by their names, folded his hands, and looked to heaven, which they understood to signify his wish for their prayers. The windows were open, and a New Year's song was heard from the street, of which the leading sentiment was, " The year is begun—who will see the end of it ?" He understood the words, gave a quick glance at his son-in-law, and raised his eyes towards heaven. He once more exclaimed, " Pray ! pray !" The struggle lasted till three o'clock in the afternoon, when his " warfare was accomplished."

On the 5th of January, 1801, his remains were conveyed to the tomb, followed by all the

inhabitants. Such a scene had never before been witnessed in Zurich. A tablet was erected to his memory, in the choir of St. Peter's church, of which the following is a translation:—

To the memory of
JOHN KASPAR LAVATER:
Born 1741, 15 Nov. Died 1801, 2 Jan.
Deacon 1778, 7 April. Minister 1786, 17 Dec.
Of St. Peter's.

What he,
The faithful witness of his Lord, spoke in this temple—
And what he wrote, and did, and suffered,
Was all for one object—
The advancement of the kingdom of Truth and Love.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY: INSTITUTED 1799.